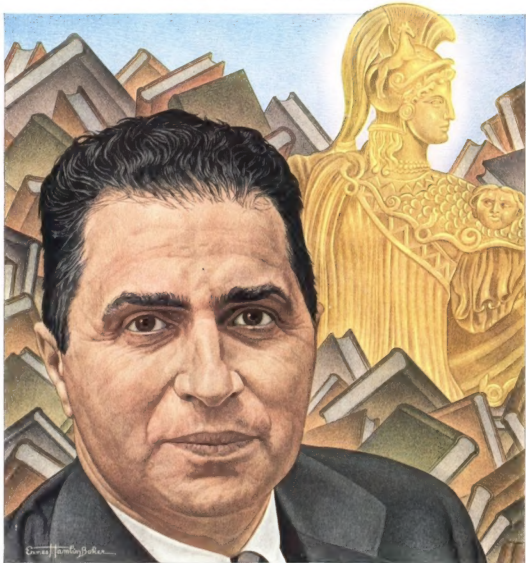


TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



MORTIMER ADLER
Should professors commit suicide?



FOR 1952

The Golden Airflytes

ON THIS, our 50th year, we of Nash are proud to present to you our finest achievement . . . *The Golden Airflytes* for 1952.

Here are cars more beautiful than America has seen before—cars with the swift, flowing continental lines and the magnificent coach-work of Pinin Farina, world's foremost custom car designer.

To step inside is an unforgettable experience! Each spacious sofa can seat four. The interior is automatically heated and ventilated. Around you is the greatest Eye-Level visibility ever designed into an automobile.

Then—to discover the sheer joy of driving this wonderful car! Its new Nash Super Jetfire engine is even

more powerful than the one that set last year's stock-car speed record, even more responsive, with its new Direct-Draft horizontal carburetion. Traditional Nash economy, too!

The balance is simply magnificent. The Golden Airflyte hugs the road. It ripples over roughness as serenely as a swan on still water. The handling? That's incredible, too—thanks to Nash Airflex front suspension.

We don't want to tell you too much about it because we want you to come in and see it.

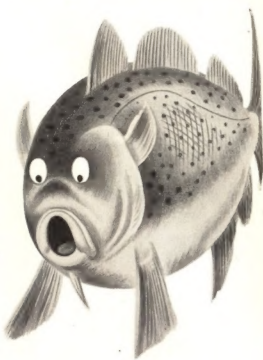
We simply say to you, without fear of contradiction—that these are the most exciting cars in the world today . . . *The Nash Golden Airflytes* for 1952.

Typical of 17 beautiful Pinin Farina styled models is car above. Reclining Seat, Twin Beds and glare-free tinted Solex glass optional. Your choice of three transmissions: Standard, (or at extra cost) Automatic Over-drive or the new Dual-Range Hydra-Matic. White sidewalls at extra cost when available.



The Finest of Our Fifty Years
Nash Motors, Division Nash-Kelvinator Corp., Detroit, Mich.

THE AMBASSADOR • THE STATESMAN • THE RAMBLER



There's a big difference between a

tomcat ... and a ... tomcod

—and there is a powerful difference, too,
between gasoline and “ETHYL” gasoline!

TRADE-MARK



There is nothing like “Ethyl” gasoline ... for bringing out

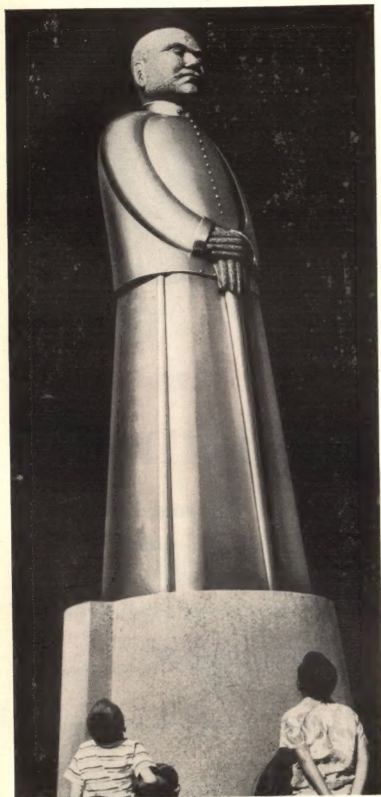


the top performance of

a new car ... or making an older one feel young again!

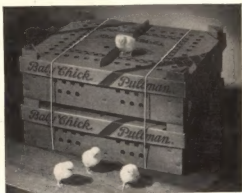
Because “Ethyl” gasoline is high octane gasoline, it brings out the top power of your engine. Try a tankful today and see if it doesn't make a powerful difference in the performance of your car. Ethyl Corporation, New York 17, N. Y.

Other products sold under the “Ethyl” trade-mark: salt cake ... ethylene dichloride ... sodium (metallic) ... chlorine (liquid) ... oil soluble dye ... benzene hexachloride (technical)



STAINLESS STATUE. In the heart of San Francisco's Chinatown stands this 20-foot statue of Sun Yat-sen, renowned scholar and first president of the Chinese Republic. Head, hands and pedestal of the statue are of rose granite, but for the statesman's flowing robes, the sculptor, Beniamino Bufano, used Stainless Steel. After 14 years, time and weather have left no marks on the shining metal.

Only STEEL



HANDLE WITH CARE! Baby chicks are delicate merchandise . . . and Gerrard Round Steel Strapping, made by U.S. Steel, helps to get them from hatchery to brooder house in good condition. For Gerrard Strapping keeps containers strongly and firmly tied, prevents damage and loss during shipment.



JOINT UNDER STRESS. This is a picture of stress patterns along the threads of a pipe joint. Crowding of lines at roots of threads indicates stress concentrations. "Three-dimensional photo-elastic stress analysis," done in U.S. Steel laboratories, helps to assure strong joints between sections of U-S-S National Pipe used in drilling for oil.



BUILDING BRIDGES IN A HURRY. For most of the matériel of defense, steel is essential. And because of its constantly expanding production capacity, United States Steel is able to contribute more and more of this vital metal to help safeguard America.

can do so many jobs so well



PART OF THE WORLD'S largest pumping plant are these huge steel discharge lines for Grand Coulee on the Columbia River in Washington. Each line is 12 feet in diameter, was fabricated by United States Steel. Only steel can do so many jobs so well.

FACTS YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT STEEL

By the end of this year, the capacity of the American iron and steel industry will have increased approximately 36 million tons since 1940 . . . about 44%. It is interesting to note that this increase alone exceeds the entire annual capacity of any other country in the world.

Listen to . . . *The Theatre Guild as the Air*, presented every Sunday evening by United States Steel, National Broadcasting Company, coast-to-coast network. Consult your newspaper for time and station.



UNITED STATES STEEL

Helping to Build a Better America

This trade-mark is your guide
to quality steel

AMERICAN BRIDGE . . . AMERICAN STEEL & WIRE and CYCLONE FENCE . . . COLUMBIA-GENEVA STEEL . . . CONSOLIDATED WESTERN STEEL . . . GERRARD STEEL STRAPPING . . . NATIONAL TUBE
OIL WELL SUPPLY . . . TENNESSEE COAL & IRON . . . UNITED STATES STEEL PRODUCTS . . . UNITED STATES STEEL SUPPLY . . . Divisions of UNITED STATES STEEL COMPANY, PITTSBURGH
GUNNISON HOMES, INC. • UNION SUPPLY COMPANY • UNITED STATES STEEL EXPORT COMPANY • UNIVERSAL ATLAS CEMENT COMPANY

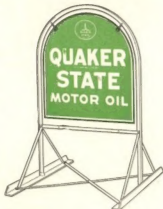
Can you identify this car?



PICTURED HERE is a 1908 Glide owned by Charles Granville and Lee Swartout of Wilton, Conn. Constant care keeps it in showroom shape. The Glide travels all over the country, helping Granville and Swartout promote their "Angelique" perfume. Say the owners, "Quaker State is the finest protection for any car!"

How to give your car longer life

To give your car the best of care . . . to assure top performance and longer life . . . always insist on Quaker State Motor Oil. Whether your car is showroom new or an old standby, Quaker State provides smoother performance and dependable year-round protection. We believe it's the finest motor oil you can buy! If the manufacturer of your car recommends Heavy Duty Oil with detergency, use Quaker State HD Oil.



QUAKER STATE OIL REFINING CORPORATION, OIL CITY, PA.

Member Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Association

LETTERS

Generalizations on a Store

Sir:

Your Feb. 25 article, "The General's General Store," gave me a great deal of pleasure, as I used to know General Wood very well when he and I were working on the Panama Canal construction . . . He was friendly and well liked . . . by his employees . . . I have known for a long time that General Wood is, in fact, Sears, Roebuck, and that Sears, Roebuck is General Wood, and as such he has done as much for the U.S.A. as any other person presently active in national affairs . . .

S. G. FORBES

Silver Spring, Md.

Sir:

I feel you left out a very important item when you failed to let us know what the Sears catalogues cost to print and distribute.

WALTER LAFORÉ

Philadelphia

Q Sears prints and distributes 14 million of the big catalogues a year, at a cost of about \$21 million.—Ed.

Sir:

That marvelous drawing of General Wood on the cover sold one copy of TIME today, and I have just read your excellent story about this remarkable businessman . . . With the exception of the way you treated the America First Committee, on which I'd give you some argument, I congratulate you on the balance of the article. It's a very thorough

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TIME
March 17, 1952

Volume LIX
Number 11

TIME, MARCH 17, 1952



"YOU BUNGLING IDIOT!" SHE WEPT

The story of an accident and a man who found what to say to a lady driver

"You could hardly blame her for crying and bawling me out. I'd swung right into her car, bashed a fender and twisted the bumper half off.

"My excuse? I'd hurried to my car after the parking meter ran out — and I guess I was still hurrying when I pulled away from the curb. It was a fool thing to do.

"When I could get in a word, I told her that I'd call my insurance company. The effect of its name was startling. Just about everybody knows Liberty Mutual's reputation for fair settlement of honest claims. When the girl realized that Liberty Mutual would handle her claim, she even apologized for flying off the handle."

Fair, friendly settlement of claims is one reason 500,000 men and women insure their homes and cars with Liberty Mutual. Claims men are available around the clock to go to work for you if you should have an accident, wherever you may be driving in the United States, Canada or Hawaii.

Savings is another reason. Company-to-you service cuts selling and handling expense. Savings have been returned to policyholders year after year and have substantially reduced the cost of Liberty Mutual home and car insurance.

Free Booklet. Are you interested in this kind of insurance service — at a saving? Liberty Mutual has prepared an *Insurance Planner* which you can use to figure your own needs. Look in the Yellow Pages of your Telephone Directory for your nearest Liberty Mutual office, or write to 175 Berkeley St., Boston 17, Massachusetts.

LIBERTY  MUTUAL

HOME OFFICE: BOSTON

LIBERTY MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY • LIBERTY MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

★ *We work to keep you safe . . . and to reduce the cost of automobile, workmen's compensation, liability, fire, group, accident and health, inland marine and crime insurance.* ★



a shade better for brown "taupe" by Stetson



The Ambassador, \$20.



The Stetsonian, \$12.50

A color that is
excitingly new...
yet perfectly
complimentary to
any shade of brown
in your wardrobe.
Choose this shade—
and touch off your
new brown business
suit, your favorite
tweed jacket, too.

the
STETSON is part of the man

Prices slightly higher in Canada.

The Stetson "Cushioned-To-Fit" Leather has been the standard of hat comfort for over 70 years.

Stetson Hats are made only by John B. Stetson Company and its affiliated companies throughout the world.



and thoughtful piece, and those who know the General will see him in it, in each and every paragraph . . .

WILLIAM BENTON
U.S. Senate

Washington, D.C.

Sir:

On the basis of a long and otherwise delightful corresponding friendship with Sears, Roebuck & Co., I have only one criticism to make of your cover. Sears never in its 60-year history learned to wrap packages as compactly and neatly as pictured there. As proof, there is a trail of 25 pounds of grass seed between Boston and our front door.

May I suggest that General Wood would be smart to hire Artist Artzybasheff as colonel in charge of the packaging division?

JEANNE S. WELLES

Glastonbury, Conn.

Low Class Klan

Sir:

I want to congratulate you on the stand you have taken in the Feb. 25 issue against the Ku Klux Klan. I think all decent people in the South resent the Klan and its activities. The class of people who make up this organization are generally of the lower class, and most of them are very illiterate and easily misled.

There is one suggestion I want to make. Please keep your reporters away from the trial, and try not to meddle in this case too much. Just as sure as Drew Pearson, TIME, LIFE and the N.A.A.C.P. start "sticking their nose" into this case, the people of North Carolina are going to resent it. And although their conscience would say that these fellows should be convicted, they will not do it. This is just a suggestion for what it is worth.

W. E. MINER

Columbia, S.C.

A Thousand & One Saturday Nights

Sir:

TIME's delightful and excellent Feb. 25 portrait of an emergency ward, "Saturday Night," is a perfect summary of what takes place each weekend in King's County Hospital, Bellevue or Morrisania.

Missing was the unmarried mother, fretfully pleading for assurance that "mother won't learn of this," or the woman who barely made the hospital before giving birth, who always says: "I misjudged my time and thought I had another month or more . . ."

CALVIN MURPHY

Brooklyn, N.Y.

Sir:

"Saturday Night" was a vivid, accurate and familiar description of the typical emergency service in action . . .

One aspect of your snapshot was hidden behind the general impression that all emergency facilities are available to the community as are the fire and police services—with no direct charge for the service. The cost to non-profit hospitals of maintaining the 24-hour emergency service is [high]. Payment for the service is only token, the income falling far below the minimum costs . . .

LYMAN C. WHITTAKER

Wilmington, Del.

Footnote on South Wind

Sir:

As Mr. Norman Douglas' perhaps most intimate friend, and the executor of his will, I must ask you to correct the misstatements made in your obituary of Feb. 18. Mr. Douglas did not die "in penury"; he was a man of independent means; nor did he die in a "borrowed villa." He honored me by living

Those famous Chair-Height Seats look even more inviting in Plymouth's new Tone-Tailored Interiors with their rich, harmonizing colors. Mighty comfortable, too, because all passengers ride forward of the rear axle.

Believe it or not, the spectacular Safety-Flow Ride is still s-m-o-o-t-h-e-r in the 1952 Plymouth. Advanced Oriflow Shock Absorbers, plus balanced-weight distribution and synchronized springing, really take the bounce out of bumps.

You'll have to listen carefully to hear the powerful 97-horsepower engine of the 1952 Plymouth with its high (7.0 to 1) compression ratio. The newly-designed combustion chamber makes it run smoother, quieter, than ever before.

The trusty Safe-Guard Hydraulic Brakes are even safer with the 1952 Plymouth's new Cyclebond brake linings. They give you more braking surface than the rivet type and longer lining wear.

And Plymouth's ignition-key starting with new "follow-through" keeps the starter engaged until the engine is surely started. It saves fuel and saves the battery. And the Plymouth choke is automatic.

Equipment and trim are subject to availability of materials



Good talking points for back-seat drivers

You haven't heard the half of it about the 1952 Plymouth! Get the full story when you make arrangements with your Plymouth Dealer for a demonstration. Then see if you can honestly say that any other car — at any price — gives you as much for your money. And always remember: When it comes to service, Plymouth has more dealers, more trained servicemen, than any car made! More than 10,500 dealerships ready to serve you across the nation.

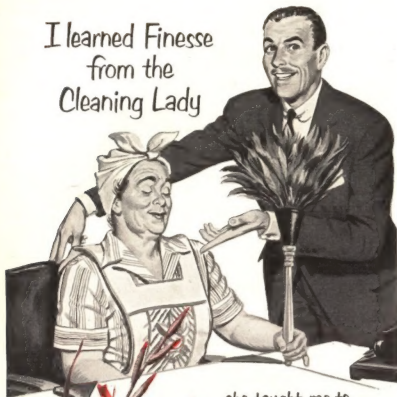
PLYMOUTH Division of CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit 31, Michigan

PLYMOUTH

The luxurious two-toned 1952 Plymouth Belvedere



I learned Finesse from the Cleaning Lady



she taught me to
**Say it with
FLOWERS-BY-WIRE**

"You're workin' late, Mr. Blake!" She was beginning to empty the baskets.

"Yes, Mrs. Flynn, and I'm worried. I can't make delivery on time to one of my biggest accounts."

"Ah, wire 'em flowers and say you're sorry. That'll cool 'em off."

I sat her down in my chair . . . because she'd solved the problem. Knowing Harry Thurber, I knew he'd react perfectly to a personal touch. FLOWERS-BY-WIRE?

Perfect! I've used my F.T.D. Florist often since then to say it with FLOWERS-BY-WIRE on business occasions.

FLORISTS' TELEGRAPH DELIVERY ASSOCIATION
Headquarters: Detroit, Michigan



FLOWERS ARE BEAUTIFUL BUSINESS BUILDERS

On opening days • on anniversaries • on special events • as a "thank you" for the order • on almost any business occasion • for those at home when you're away.

You can wire flowers to anywhere...from anywhere...more than 18,000 F.T.D. and Interflora Member Shops at your service!

permanently in my house on Capri, where we had dwelt together since the war until his recent death.

KENNETH MACPHERSON

Capri, Italy

Sir:

My father [Norman Douglas] did not sell *South Wind* for a piddling 475. He received an advance of 450 in 1917 from the publisher, and royalties every six months thereafter.

Apart from earnings from writing and royalties, he was in receipt of an annuity of \$3,000 for the last 23 years. Three thousand a year goes a long way in Capri. If that be penury, I hope I may be comparably penurious when I retire. . . .

ROBIN DOUGLAS

Chicago

TIME erred in saying that Norman Douglas died in penury, was misinformed on the price paid for *South Wind* and on Mr. Douglas' finances.—Ed.

Honkballer from Holland

Sir:

An article appeared in the Feb. 23 Sport section about the arrival in this country of Hannie Urbanus, the first European baseball player ever to come to this country to be trained here . . . We, who have organized this idea [inviting Hannie to the U.S. for a month's training with the New York Giants], which we know will snowball as time goes on, are particularly impressed with the right tone of the article. In my 20 years' career as a newspaperman I have seldom seen a better job of telling an interesting sports story . . .

The people of The Netherlands—where baseball is the showcase of Western Europe—are grateful to TIME.

If perhaps 20 years from now, there will be a real World Series instead of the one between The Bronx and The Bronx (as was the case last year), TIME will have been one of the first to see it coming.

ALBERT BALINK

Editor

The Knickerbocker

New York City

Forward Toward the Dinosaur

Sir:

Re your Feb. 25 Miscellany squib about the disgruntled Reno meat packer who found it more profitable to work for OPS than for himself: do I detect here the first faint whisperings of the Great American Economic Revolution, when all merchants will work for OPS, all farmers for DMA, all vets for V.A. ad infinitum, leaving only the decontrolled rattlesnake-meat canners and dinosaur-bone collectors to shift for themselves?

If so, please forward as soon as possible a list of approved schools having courses in rattlesnake cookery and dinosaur appreciation. The course I'm now taking in advertising looks like yesterday's gardenias.

DAVE PORTER

Columbia, Mo.

Ike & Luke

Sir:

In your Feb. 25 issue, you quote Ike Eisenhower's favorite Bible passage, *Luke 11:21*, "When a strong man armed keepeth his palace, his goods are in peace." Is Ike unaware that Christ's words here refer to Satan? The following verse says, *Luke 11:22*, "But when a stronger than he shall come upon him and overcome him, he taketh from him all his armour wherein he trusted, and divideth his spoils."

This was the picture Christ had of His times. The strong man fully armed was Satan; guarding his own court, his goods were

in peace. But when the stronger than he comes, he dispossesses the strong man. That was our Lord's claim for Himself—that He was stronger than Satan. Ike's idea is valid. But I'll bet he could find a verse with a better connotation.

LEROY F. ANDERSEN

Trinity Lutheran Seminary
Blair, Neb.

The Problem of German Rearmament

Sir:

In my opinion you have mislabeled the story in your Feb. 25 issue titled "In Fear & Hatred." I am sure that it was not out of fear or out of hatred [of the Germans] that Deputy Georges Heuillard spoke. He spoke with the voice of the conscience of the world. He expressed the feelings of millions who agree with him that the re-creation of armed German power is treason to those ideals on which the U.N. was created . . .

It is obvious that the present conflict is essentially moral. Humanitarian democracy is challenged by Communist tyranny. Do you expect that the cause of democracy can be helped by the morally discredited German military? People in Russia and elsewhere certainly hope that they will be liberated from their Communist oppressors—provided that it will not be by their slaughterers of yesterday.

HENRY BECK

Bloomington, Ind.

Sir:

One might get the impression that Germany is doing the rest of the world a big favor by agreeing to participate in NATO, but the stubborn, wicked, sentimental French just do not want to give in to a few minor demands.

NATO is just as important to Germany as to France. Germany, therefore, has no moral right whatsoever to make her participation a trading object. How much more wheeling and coining will it take until those who are mainly responsible for the mess Europe is in will allow the American taxpayer to arm them? . . .

PAUL GRIMINGER

Champaign, Ill.

What, No Prairie Dogs?

Sir:

Your Feb. 25 Science story says that Ornithologist Lewis Wayne Walker tries to formulate an explanation for "an old legend about prairie dogs, burrowing owls and rattlesnakes . . ." He stumbled on one explanation, but that doesn't solve the enigma of this strange association.

We have no prairie dogs here, but the burrowing owl and the rattlesnake, though both extremely rare, do occur here. Neither of the two occurs on either of the other islands of the Lesser Antilles. Is there or is there not a tie? Coincidence? There is no coincidence. Not in Nature.

E. BARTELS

Oranjestad, Aruba, N.A.

Democracy in Southwood (Cont'd)

Sir:

Re your Feb. 25 story concerning Mr. Sing Sheng and family trying to buy a home in San Francisco's Southwood subdivision, as a former San Franciscan, who thought San Francisco was one of the best cities until 1941, barring Harry Bridges' longshoremen's strike in the early '30s, this came as no surprise to me. It seems that everybody now is out for the almighty dollar, which isn't worth a wooden half-dollar today . . .

ROBERT S. STURGEON

U.S. Army
Rio De Janeiro, Brazil

TIME, MARCH 17, 1952



FOOD FREEZERS

Trim and specifications subject to change without notice.



"Saved \$132 each year for the past 4 years!" Mr. H. O. Taylor, Lakewood, O.



"We saved over \$120 last year!" Mrs. M. S. Broder, Los Angeles, Cal.



"Our 2 G-E Freezers save us \$288 yearly." Mr. L. C. Huch, Chicago, Ill.

MANY FAMILIES SAY THAT THEY

Save \$120 each year

Just think how wonderful it will be to have this new 1952 General Electric Food Freezer in your home.

No more rainy-day marketing. Less washing, peeling or paring of foods just before mealtime. Furthermore, you can stock up on meats, fruits and vegetables when prices are low, and enjoy them months later!

No wonder many families say that they save \$120 each year. A G-E

Food Freezer pays for itself!

Takes little space

The new 1952 G-E Freezer takes no more space than a desk. Yet, it holds 389 pounds of frozen foods! Built into this new, spacious freezer, too, are new engineering advancements and new convenience features.

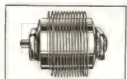
See it at your G-E dealer's soon. General Electric Company, Louisville 2, Kentucky.



20 per cent quieter than previous, quiet G-E models. G. E. uses a natural draft instead of fans.



Even a small woman can reach into every corner. It is only 25 inches deep, yet holds so much.



Cost 13 per cent less to operate than former economical models. G-E Freezers are fundamentally thrifty.

GENERAL  ELECTRIC

only **BH&G**

is so **BIG**—both ways!



BUY

BUY



***It's the only 3½-million man-woman package
that screens readers for the BUY on their minds!***

TIME was when you could quickly classify publications as "big circulation" or "selective."

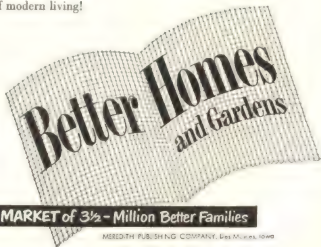
But look at what has happened! Better Homes & Gardens has built a magazine that qualifies *both* ways. First, as one of the 3 biggest man-woman magazines—and second, as the *only* one that consistently screens readers for the kind of customers salespeople pray for!

BH&G does this by publishing only what appeals to a very selective (but very big) audience. *Not* sensation seekers, *not* fiction or newphoto fans—but the buy-minded families who find nothing more fascinating than BH&G's cover-to-cover roundup of what to try—what to BUY—to get the most out of every phase of modern living!

When, husbands and wives together, these very special people pore over BH&G's ideas and suggestions—and advertisements—they're exploring their favorite market place with their trusted friend and buying counselor.

And they have the *means* to convert their discoveries into purchases!

So, naturally, it's a great big help when you show *your* wares to these 3½-million better-income BH&G families—screened for the BUY on their minds!



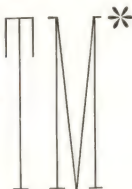
Serving a SCREENED MARKET of 3½ - Million Better Families

MEREDITH PUBLISHING COMPANY, Des Moines, Iowa

writes 3 times as long...
letter perfect to the last word

Sheaffer's

NEW



BALLPOINT

*lighter than
a pen*



Illustrated: The **TM**
Valiant model with
gold-filled trim and
innerspring clip, \$5.

*lighter than
a pencil*

for light or heavy writing jobs

Not a pen-or-pencil substitute, but a writing instrument with a distinctive personality all its own! Designed expressly for new writing comfort, answers dozens of daily needs. Ideal for service personnel. Sheaffer's exclusive "Micro-Crafted" replaceable unit is precision-engineered for proud, dependable performance. Leak-proof. As in all Sheaffer's world-famed writing instruments, you get superb quality throughout, craftsmanship and construction no other can equal.

why don't YOU test it today?

BALLPOINTS WITH SHEAFFER'S "MICRO-CRAFTED" UNIT \$1.50 to \$50.00

State and Federal
Taxes Additional

SHEAFFER'S
WRITE DOT BY DISTINCTION

TM
THIN MODEL

W. A. SHEAFFER PEN COMPANY, FORT MADISON, IOWA, U.S.A. • IN CANADA: MALTON, ONTARIO

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MISCELLANY

Straws in the Wind. In Lynden, Wash., *Tribune* Advertiser Jake Bovenkamp offered to sell 120 tons of hay, preferably "to Republicans only."

R.S.V.P. In Des Moines, Cab Driver William A. Roach hired a man to beat him up, was hauled off to a hospital, told police that "I thought my former wife would come here to see me," was informed that she couldn't make it.

Arms & the Man. In Toledo, onetime Conscientious Objector Charles Cline, 30, who had served two years in a Michigan federal prison for refusing to shoulder a gun, was given one to three years in Ohio Penitentiary for carrying a concealed weapon.

Flock Together. In Fort Lauderdale, Fla., cocktail lounge boss H. Greet sued the Miami Rare Bird Farm for \$75,000 after 1) two parakeets he bought from the aviary "for Oriental atmosphere" died of parrot fever, 2) the county health department ordered his remaining 25 exotic birds destroyed, 3) his saloon was quarantined for five days.

Fodder by Duco. In Waukomis, Okla., Farmer Virgil Beard collected \$75 from his insurance company to get his car repaired after the original coat was licked off by his 25 cows.

O Pioneers! In Berkeley, Calif., the *Elves' Gnomes' & Little Men's Science Fiction Chowder & Marching Society* sent a letter to the United Nations legal department, claimed mining rights on 2,250 sq. mi. of the moon.

Triangle. Near Lorain, Ohio, Susan Back told police that she stabbed her boy friend, Sherman Bigley, in the hip because he had stolen the affections of her pet monkey.

Pigskin Parade. In Mount Vernon, Wash., police nabbed Robber George Brodeur, who happily told them: "I'm glad you got me. I'm cold. I'm hungry, and I want to get back to McNeil Island [federal penitentiary] in time for spring football practice."

Getaway. In Arlington, Va., the judge let Haywood L. Miller off with a light \$10 fine for reckless driving and fleeing from highway cops at 70 m.p.h., after Miller explained: "I was out with another man's wife, and I thought that's who was chasing me."

Scalep! Sponge! In St. Louis, Maintenance Man Gus Smith sued the city for \$25,000, claimed that while working at its Municipal Hospital he had 1) walked across a floor that looked like wood, 2) crashed through a painted glass ceiling, 3) broken both legs when he landed on a conference table surrounded by doctors.

TIME, MARCH 17, 1952

This could happen only in America



*A 50th Birthday Message
from The Texas Company*

FIFTY years ago a tiny company was started in Beaumont, Texas, where oil had just been discovered.

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each year, has refineries, oil storage tanks, distributing plants, research laboratories and all the other complex facilities needed to serve customers in every state of the Union and throughout the world.

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It has been a land of independence of thought and action—in which the best man was allowed to win.

The Texas Company has gone it alone in the oil business—asking no favors—standing on its own feet—competing for its share of the business by developing and marketing good fuels and lubricants—seeking no security except that which it could earn.

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TIME

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A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Dear Time-Reader

TIME this month reached its 29th birthday. The news span we have covered in those 29 years is approximately the same as the news-conscious life of the head of the average Time-reading family, now 42½ years old. But the character of the news itself is far different from what it used to be.

In 1923, a postwar year in which peace seemed to be secured to the world, the news often seemed to be little more than a picture-book pageant of the period's "wonderful normalcy"—of World Series heroes, movie stars and politics-as-usual. And the future appeared even brighter than the present. U.S. business was bouncing off the ropes of a minor recession and picking up momentum for the boom of the '20s. The news that reached the public was often frivolous, frequently reflecting the optimism of the day, only occasionally weighted with vague foreboding of more troubled days to come.

Every village was its own hub of the universe, and Washington had a quality of dream-world remoteness. Today the news has somehow moved very close to all of us, often reaching into our personal lives with frightening intimacy. We have learned that the facts of life in Asia, Africa or Kansas City can have repercussions that rock us all. The long years of war and crisis through which we have passed, and from which we have yet to emerge, have sharpened our sensitivities, increasing vastly our respect for the world's significant news.

The challenge faced by the editors of TIME is manifestly greater than it was in 1923. Facts have taken on a sharp and immediate importance; more people need more facts today than ever before in history. To help meet that need, TIME has developed an active and widespread newsgathering organization, as well as the means for speedy distribution of the finished product to English-speaking people all over the world. What the editors of TIME consider more important than the physical organization, however, is their policy of not standing between the facts and the reader. "To keep men well-informed—that, first and last, is the only aim of this magazine has to grind," said TIME's original prospectus.

Along with the bare framework of facts, there is still a need for critical judgment and appraisal of the meaning of events—both by the reporter who

is close to the news and by the editor who has an opportunity to balance the news from one place against another, or from one week to the next. To exercise such judgment requires a starting point, a set of guiding and governing principles.

Such a set of principles was part of the prospectus that told what kind of magazine TIME would be. Because "complete neutrality on public questions and important news is probably as undesirable as it is impossible," the editors wrote then, they were "ready to acknowledge certain prejudices which may in varying measure predetermine their opinions on the news." They listed a catalogue of typical convictions:

"1. A belief that the world is round and an admiration of the statesman's 'view of all the world.'"

"2. A general distrust of the present tendency toward increasing interference by the government."

"3. A prejudice against the rising cost of government."

"4. Faith in the things which money cannot buy."

"5. A respect for the old, particularly in manners."

"6. An interest in the new, particularly in ideas."

We at TIME believe the original standards have successfully withstood a long test and have as much validity today as they had in the much more serene world of 1923. We still believe that the concept of purely "objective" reporting is not only unattainable but unrealistic. The editors of TIME have always set themselves a more workable goal: fairness, and a constant effort to blend the news into its own background. And while avoiding glib predictions of the future, TIME seeks to present

the news in a way that will give its readers an intelligent estimate of what the future is likely to bring.

Faced with today's challenge, TIME's editors try to give you clear and undistorted facts that are honest in dealing with men and issues. In this presidential election year, when the efforts of many men will be directed primarily at clouding issues, TIME's aim will continue to be to bring you a fair, meaningful report of what is happening in the world today.

Cordially yours,

James A. Linn



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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

"Ultimate Decay"

Harry Truman is not a man who wrestles doggedly with his problems. He hits them and apparently expects them to drop. When they don't, he hits them again.

Last week he struck out in favor of his foreign-aid program. In two messages to Congress and in a broadcast speech (see below), he made his position clear, but did not stick around to deal with congressional or public reaction. He took off for a work-rest vacation at Key West.

The final Truman message to Congress was notable for a prediction. If the Mutual Security program succeeds, it will be followed by the "ultimate decay of the Soviet slave world." As a goal, this ultimate decay is certainly preferable to the dream that the world can be brought into a delicate balance which will permit the "peaceful coexistence" of Communism and the systems which Communism is dedicated to destroy.

Yet ultimate decay is a hope, not a program. The Truman-Acheson plan is still purely defensive. It seeks to limit the enemy's power to advance, but it develops no drive to push him back. It leaves the political initiative in the hands of the enemy.

The Communists, too, believe in ultimate decay—of the West. They do not sit back and wait for it to happen; they do all in their power to bring about and speed up any force that may weaken the free world.

What the President had to say about foreign aid will be accepted as making sense, as far as it goes. Trouble is that it apparently goes on forever—or until the enemy decides to step up the pressure and make necessary even larger expenditures by the U.S.

Ultimate decay is based on the assumption that time runs in favor of the free world. It has not done so during the Korean truce talks, where the enemy has grown while the U.N.'s relative strength has decayed. In Asia generally, it is not the Communist position that is decaying. In Europe, the rate of Communist decay is not as rapid as the rate of freedom's decay in the Far East.

THE PRESIDENCY

Life or Death

The President seemed at his folksy best as he talked to his fellow Americans, via television and radio, from his White House desk. He tripped clumsily here & there as he read his message, but mostly he exuded

to support the military effort. "For example, we might send steel to help another country make its own guns instead of sending it the finished weapons."

Q \$600 million worth of Point Four economic and technical assistance, mostly for underdeveloped Asia and Africa.

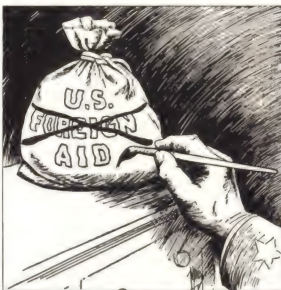
The Point Four funds were obviously closest to Harry Truman's heart. "Stomach Communism," he observed, "cannot be halted with weapons of war . . . It is only a fraction of the amount I have asked for military purposes, but who can say that in the long run it may not have a greater effect?" With happy emphasis, he told his hearers some Point Four success stories—a \$75,000 project for diesel-powered pumps in Indo-China's Red River Valley that assured a \$2,000,000 rice crop, the work of nine American experts in raising Turkey's grain production by 50% and cotton production by 300%, the agricultural modernization being brought to 3,000,000 village farms in India.

Derogation. From defense of his mutual security proposals, Harry Truman shifted to an advance attack on the critics that he knew were waiting for him. "There are those among us," said the President belligerently, "who say we can't afford it. We've heard that one before . . . The

figure of \$7.9 billion . . . was not just taken out of the air . . . I would not recommend that the Congress spend a single dollar more than our national security requires." This, too, was typical Truman—at his worst. Actually, his estimates are—and have to be—very rough approximations of what is needed. Truman's long feud with Congress is rubbed raw by the President's open assumption that his estimates are exactly right and any others wrong. A humbler man would have outlined the problem, given his figure, stood ready to defend it in detail—and avoided tactless, advance insistence that every dollar he asked was essential.

"It is awfully easy to 'demagogue' in favor of economy and against what is scornfully referred to as 'foreign aid,'" said Truman. "Congressional action on our Mutual Security Program will be a real test of statesmanship . . ."

This week congressional committees, sit-



Marcus—The New York Times

"ITS REAL PURPOSE:
A hope is not a program.

persuasive sincerity, pugnacious impatience with critics, and flat sentences full of importance for the nation.

Harry Truman wanted the people to get behind his \$7.9 billion foreign aid program. He called it neither "foreign" nor "aid" (two words without public appeal), but "mutual security . . . against aggression and war—through mutual effort, through the effort of many nations . . ."

Warned the President: "The action the Congress takes on that [\$7.9 billion] request has a great deal to do with our chances of avoiding another world war. It may make the difference between life and death for many of you . . ."

Enthusiasm. Proposed U.S. "contributions" to other countries, explained Truman, fall into three categories:

Q \$5.6 billion worth of straight military equipment.

Q \$1.7 billion worth of "defense support," i.e., raw materials or finished goods needed

ting jointly, will begin hearings on the \$7.9 billion. On Capitol Hill, more than a few opposition tempers smarted under the President's remarks. It was pretty certain that U.S. contributions to mutual security would be held down, perhaps by a billion dollars, not necessarily because they deserved to be, but because Truman's attitude encouraged an antagonistic reaction.

THE ADMINISTRATION

Question of Security

When Oliver Edmund Clubb, 51, retired from the U.S. Foreign Service last month, the business of his previous suspension and clearance seemed all settled and done with. A veteran diplomat who became chief of the State Department's Office of Chinese Affairs, Clubb got into trouble after Whittaker Chambers testified that he had once (1932) seen him in the offices of the Communist *New Masses*. In the course of defending himself against this not very grave charge, Clubb produced his personal diaries. These contained very candid entries about the Foreign Service and about Clubb's colleagues. These convinced the State Department Loyalty and Security Board that first examined the case that Clubb was too indiscreet to be a secure repository of secret information. Nevertheless, a month ago Clubb was allowed to retire with a pension of \$5,800 a year; he announced that he had been cleared by departmental "processes," which everyone assumed meant State's investigating board.

A word from Secretary of State Dean Acheson would have corrected this assumption, but the Secretary kept mum. His enemies, notably Wisconsin's Senator Joe McCarthy, charged that Clubb had been cleared through Acheson's personal intervention. Last week Acheson felt compelled to tell the story of just what happened.

State's Loyalty and Security Board had, in fact, found Clubb a security risk (his loyalty was not questioned). This judgment was appealed to Acheson, who turned the matter over to an "experienced and trusted" aide. Though the Clubb case involved the highest ranking Foreign Service officer yet to come under inquiry, Acheson said: "I read [my aide's opinion] very carefully. I did not study the record because . . . I do not have time to do that." On the basis of his aide's recommendation, the Secretary overruled his board.

It was more fuel for the fires of congressional investigators and a probe of the Clubb case seemed likely. It was also another illustration of Acheson's inability or unwillingness to 1) believe that the question of internal security seriously concerns his department; 2) understand that the U.S. people are concerned about security in the Foreign Service, and expect him to tell them what steps he is taking to protect it.

* Identified as Nathaniel P. Davis, former U.S. Minister to Hungary.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Dear Diary

Because of the rich intelligence harvest that it reaped from captured Japanese diaries, the U.S. Army in World War II became highly diary-conscious. It vigorously emphasized the traditional order forbidding front-line soldiers and officers to keep diaries. One of the men enforcing this order was granite-chinned Major General Robert W. Grow, who ably led the U.S. 6th Armored Division from Utah Beach to Leipzig.

In July 1950, Grow became U.S. military attaché in Moscow. In Moscow, the general kept a diary.

Last week Communist propagandists, in a German book called *Auf dem Kriegspfad (On the Road to War)* reprinted long excerpts from the general's journal, proved their authenticity with photostats



U.S. Army—Associated Press
GENERAL GROW
On his road, a sudden detour.

of Grow's handwriting. The general's puerile entries fitted perfectly into the Communist line that the U.S. is "plotting World War III." Samples:

"The Tolstoy Memorial [at Yasnaya Polyana] was closed today, which did not matter much to us, because we hadn't come to look at it anyway . . . Large numbers of military vehicles noted. Saw ack-ack equipment."

"Big electric-power station near Shatura . . . Good target."

"We must start by hitting below the belt."

"Anything, truth or falsehood . . . to undermine the confidence and loyalty of Soviet subjects for their regime."

"War! As soon as possible! Now!"

When the story rocked Washington, the Pentagon ruefully admitted its accuracy. Actually, the Pentagon knew that some excerpts were published in the German Communist *Berliner Zeitung* on Jan.

3; Grow's recall from Moscow was announced the next day. The Pentagon thought that the diary had been stolen by Soviet agents, photostated and replaced while Grow was staying at the U.S. occupation's Victory Guest House near Frankfurt in mid-1951.

While Grow kept out of sight in Washington, where he has been serving on the Army Personnel Board, indignant Congressmen called for his court-martial. The Voice of America sheepishly told overseas listeners that Grow's opinions "bear no relation to official American foreign policy." Nor did they bear relation to the qualifications of a U.S. military attaché.

THE SUPREME COURT

Books Closed

Closing the books on two significant, long-pending cases, the Supreme Court this week:

¶ Upheld Federal Judge Harold R. Medina in slapping contempt judgments on the five attorneys who, with harassing courtroom tactics, defended the eleven top Communists convicted in New York in 1949 for violation of the Smith Act. The court, wrote Justice Jackson for the majority (in a 5-3 split), will always stand behind lawyers in fearless performance of their duty, but "will not equate contempt with courage or insults with independence." Dissenters Black, Frankfurter and Douglas held that the attorneys were entitled to trial by jury in another court. Added Douglas and Frankfurter: "One who reads the record . . . will have difficulty in determining whether members of the bar conspired to drive a judge from the bench, or whether the judge used the authority of the bench to whipsaw the lawyers, to talk and tempt them, and to create for himself the role of the persecutor."

¶ Ruled that the U.S. has the constitutional right to deport aliens who have been, before or after their entry into the U.S., members of the Communist Party. Wrote Justice Jackson for the majority (in a 6-2 decision): "That aliens may remain vulnerable to expulsion after long residence is a practice that bristles with severity. But it is a weapon of defense and reprisal confirmed by international law as a power inherent in every sovereign state." Dissenting: Black and Douglas.

THE CONGRESS

Death by Compromise

The case for universal military training is as old as the Republic and twice as strong today as it was when George Washington presented the idea to Congress in 1789. Again & again since World War II, Harry Truman has asked Congress for U.M.T. But in the asking, the Pentagon has watered down the strong case to a weak brew of political expediency and half-measures. Last week the enemies of U.M.T. in the House of Representatives pounced on the latest U.M.T. compromise, seized it by its inconsistencies, and shook

U.M.T. to sudden death while the Administration watched with fascinated horror.

The bill before the House was little more than a formal "go" signal for the U.M.T. program which Congress passed "in principle" last summer. This provided for six months' training for all males turning 18 years, and required them to spend the following 7½ years in the organized reserves or the National Guard. The bill up last week had some additional sugar-coating, e.g., U.M.T. trainees would not be called to more than 30 days' active duty without the consent of Congress, and would not be served beverages with more than 1% alcoholic content. At the start of debate last week, U.M.T.'s well-primed enemies in the House were well aware that the whole U.M.T. program could be shelved by defeating the current bill.

The Opportunity. Early in the proceedings, Carl Vinson, chairman of the Armed Services Committee and the Administration's man in charge, tried to head off trouble for his bill by offering more concessions. He proposed an amendment 1) postponing the start of U.M.T. until the present draft is filled, and 2) setting an automatic expiration date on U.M.T. for July 1, 1958. "That," said Vinson, "meets every criticism of major importance that has been lodged against this bill."

In the sense that the bill was now virtually gutted of all logic, he was dead right. In rushed Missouri's Dewey Short to make the most of the opportunity. "Mr. Chairman," said Short, "we have just witnessed a complete somersault, a total handspring and an absolute about-face. . . . We were told all during the hearings, by the proponents of this measure, that we must get U.M.T. started now in order to be able to build up this reserve, and as we built up this reserve gradually, then we would reduce gradually the number in the active service under the draft. [The Vinson amendment] is just a sop to get a few votes for the bill. . . . If we never begin U.M.T., we will not have to end it."

Carl Vinson's amendment carried 126-19, but—as Dewey Short had divined—it was more a sign of defeat than of victory. By a roll call of 236-162, the House voted to send the whole U.M.T. bill back to committee, i.e., to bury it.

Crazy Quilt. There was still an outside chance that U.M.T. might be salvaged in the Senate, but the House verdict stood, nonetheless, as a monument to the futility of trying to make a soft, downy crazy-quilt out of hard military necessities. In 1945, General George Marshall pleaded for a U.M.T. with one year's training, well knowing that anything less would make less than a qualified reserve. The Pentagon subsequently retreated to the six months' short-course and the notion that U.M.T. trainees should be treated more like Boy Scouts than soldiers. The Korean war stepped up the draft to build a standing army of 3.5 million men, and sources of young manpower for U.M.T. were virtually exhausted. But Assistant Secretary of Defense Anna Rosenberg kept plugging



CARL VINSON

United Press

After the "go" signal, about-face.

hard for the peacetime model of U.M.T. on the theory that this was the time to get the bill passed—for use at some unspecified future peacetime date.

The House vote was not necessarily a rejection of the U.M.T. principle. It was a rejection of slick salesmanship and illogical compromise.

Tom's Tender Toes

Old Tom Connally's toes were bruised and tender. Back home in Texas, where he is running a hard campaign for re-election, some of the folks had been stepping on him for paying too little attention to Texas and too much attention to Dean Acheson and those other dudes he runs into as chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee.

One day last week he and Acheson walked out from a closed Foreign Relations Committee meeting about the governmental crisis in France. Inside, Acheson

had just assured everybody that France would take care of her problems and do her part. Reporters asked Connally for a statement and his toes twinged. "France," he snapped, "must be told that she cannot rely upon the U.S. to defend her and to hand out large sums of money to aid her from an economic standpoint. France must do her duty. That's all."

Next day, while the French press was fuming and aggrieved French Ambassador Henri Bonnet was rushing to the State Department, Old Tom's toes twinged again. This time Tom wanted the Senate to get going on a vote on the tidelands oil bill, which means a lot to Texas. The vote was being held up by a discussion of Hawaii's plea for statehood. Hawaii, snorted Minor Statesman Connally from the Senate floor, is just "a province out in the Pacific Ocean. . . . I think I am a better American than a great many people who live in Hawaii. I've been to Hawaii. The majority of the people there are not of American ancestry or descent."

Within 24 hours, an emergency committee in Honolulu raised \$5,000 to send six Hawaiians (a Gold Star mother and five veterans) off to Washington to make Connally eat his words. En route, the Hawaiians stopped off at Austin, Texas, and got a rousing reception from old friends in Texas' 36th Division. The reason: a "lost battalion" of the Texas 36th, when encircled by the enemy in France in 1944, was rescued by the U.S. 442nd regimental combat team, which was made up mostly of Hawaiian-born Japanese-Americans. At the time, none of the Texans made inquiries about the Hawaiians' ancestry.

POLITICS

"Come Home, Ike"

"Will Ike come home in time?" is the greatest cliff-hanger question since Phil Sheridan was 20 miles away. As of New Hampshire Primary Day, these pertinent facts, and these only were clear:

1) Ike now wants to be President and will take any honorable step consistent with his military position to get the G.O.P. nomination.

2) His closest advisers have told him in terms of increasing urgency that he must come home by May 1 at the latest, and must declare his intention to come home within the next few weeks.

3) Nevertheless, Ike has not made a firm promise to anybody that he will be home by any date. His staff in France is proceeding on the assumption that he means to stay. Last week Robert P. Burroughs of New Hampshire made public an Ike letter of Feb. 27 in which Ike said he had not budged from his Jan. 7 statement: "Under no circumstances will I ask relief from this [NATO] assignment in order to seek nomination to political office."

There is a possible avenue of escape from this sweeping statement. Ike's friends might possibly persuade President Truman to relieve Ike without a request from him. Or Ike might simply face the embar-



Illustration—1952 The Washington Post Co.
"Straighten things out there!"

Do you hear?"

assment, announce that he has changed his mind, and ask to be relieved and returned to inactive military status.

In case neither of these courses opens up, Eisenhower supporters can pay heed to the words last week of Malcolm S. Forbes, a New Jersey state senator just back from a chat with Ike in Paris. Said Forbes: "It is high time those of us active in the fight to gain him the nomination stop wringing our hands and screaming, 'Come home, Ike, or all is lost.' We must... fight the fight on our own hook."

Organization in Kansas

Republicans from 26 counties held a convention at Hays, Kans. last week to name the Sixth Congressional District's delegates to the national convention. The Sixth is the home territory of Senator Frank Carlson, executive director of the Eisenhower-for-President campaign (he represented the district in Congress for twelve years). But 75 of the 157 delegates to the district convention came to Hays pledged to vote for Taft men. Carlson's home county, Cloud, sent two delegations. Disgruntled Taft men had stalked out of the county convention, which was pro-Eisenhower, and named their own rumpled delegation.

Without the nine delegates from Cloud, the Taft men had a 75-73 majority. Result: the convention quickly voted to send the Taft delegation. That gave the Taft supporters a working majority for the rest of the day's business. Result: two Taft men were elected as the district's delegates to the national convention, and a third was recommended to the state convention, for delegate-at-large.

Taft men had been expected to win some of the 22 seats in the national convention delegation from Kansas, Ike's home state. Their victory at Hays, in Ikeman Carlson's own bailiwick, did not portend a Taft sweep of the Kansas delegation, but it was a sharp illustration of what politicians mean when they say the Taft campaign is "organized."

Who's for Whom

Charles Edison, son of Thomas A. Edison and former Secretary of the Navy and Democratic governor of New Jersey, last week named his choice for President. Said he: "As an independent, and I truly mean an independent—not just an independent Democrat, not just an independent Republican, but as an independent independent—I urge everyone to support Fighting Bob Taft."

Other endorsements of the week:

¶ Nevada's Pat McCarran, a cool-to-Truman Democrat, chairman of the Senate's Internal Security subcommittee, announced that he favors the Southern Democrats' candidate, Senator Richard B. Russell of Georgia, "because first off all he has shown a determination to clean Communists and subversives and fellow travelers out of the Federal Government."

¶ Henry L. Thompson Jr., a member of the Ohio Republican Finance Committee, split away from the committee's support

of Taft, announced that he would head a new Toledo Eisenhower-for-President organization, because he thinks Ike would be a winner.

¶ New York's Representative Franklin Delano Roosevelt Jr. said he is for Harry Truman "100%."

Poor Man's Candidate

Massive (6 ft., 240 lbs.) Henry B. Krajewski of Secaucus, N.J. has a five-acre farm with 4,000 pigs, a flourishing saloon ("Tammany Hall Tavern") and political ambitions. Last week Krajewski, a black & white pig under one arm, a petition with 1,136 signatures under the other, strode into the New Jersey State-



CANDIDATE KRAJEWSKI & FRIEND
The people ought to squeal.

house and filed as the "poor man's candidate" for President.

Krajewski explained why he had chosen the pig as his symbol: "The Democrats have been hogging the Administration at Washington for 20 years, and it's about time the people began to squeal." Besides warring on too frequent changes in military uniforms, Krajewski intends to campaign for an income-tax moratorium on all incomes below \$6,000. While he wants to win, Krajewski really favors a "two-President system." "If you had a Democrat and a Republican in the White House at the same time," he argues, "they'd be so busy watching each other that there would be no danger of a dictatorship."

Shocking Pig

With Henry Wallace as its presidential candidate, the dusty rose Progressive Party in 1948 got a shade of respectability and a smattering (1:156,103) of votes. Wallace quit the party soon after Communist ag-

gression in Korea. He now admits that the Communists "made a shambles" out of the Progressive Party. Last week the Progressive headquarters fashioned a 1952 slate that was strictly in shocking pink.

As "peace candidate" for President, party bosses picked Vincent Hallinan, 55, a California criminal lawyer. After making a \$3,000,000 fortune at the bar, Hallinan decided that the law was a "racket" run by the rich, became counsel for West Coast Communists, defended Harry Bridges in the stormy, 81-day perjury trial of 1949-50.

The choice for vice-presidential candidate was dumpy, domineering Mrs. Charlotta Bass, Negro, former Los Angeles publisher and, until 1940, a power in California Republican ranks. Childless Mrs. Bass was steered left by a young nephew she adored, became bitterly radical when the nephew was killed in World War II. She visited Russia, dined with Ilya Ehrenburg in Moscow.

Progressive chiefs blew the usual blasts at U.S. race discrimination, "militarism" and "growing unemployment," but had nary a hard word against Joe Stalin.

Hallinan faced a six-month jail sentence as the U.S. Supreme Court (see above) this week refused to review a contempt of court sentence growing out of the Bridges case.

INVESTIGATIONS

A Charming Witness

Senators enjoy barking at witnesses much as mastiffs enjoy barking at treed cats. But when Mrs. Olga Konow of Forest Hills, N.Y. took the stand in the Senate's tanker investigation last week, the candidate fell instantly into a state of trance-like gallantry. Improbable as it seemed, Mrs. Konow had arranged for the enormously profitable sale of three surplus tankers to United Tanker Corp.—a Chinese firm with a phony U.S. front, which subsequently delivered oil to the Chinese Reds. The Senators loved her.

It was not so much Mrs. Konow's looks—although she cut a striking figure with her prematurely grey hair, her creamy complexion, coquettish eye and dashing figure. It was that Mrs. Konow thought the Senators were wonderful; she had spent hours the day before hanging on their every word as they growled at witnesses, and had giggled in delight at their every witticism. When she was sworn in she giggled again and said in happy Slavic accents: "I am having lately a nickname. I am called 'Oilboat Olga.'"

"None of My Worries." Frock-coated Chairman Clyde Hoey responded gallantly: one of the committee (Wisconsin's Joe McCarthy) had expressed the hope that she would state her telephone number as well as address. Oilboat Olga smiled as though North Carolina's Hoey had given her the Hope Diamond to use as a paperweight. She answered all the committee's questions. She was born in a part of Austria-Hungary which is now Czechoslovakia, came to the U.S. in 1939. She was married to a wealthy, Norwe-

gian-born shipping man named Magnus Konow. In 1947, out of sheer vivacity and a desire to prove that she was not just a "sweet child," she had bought two ships herself and had, in her own words, become the world's only lady tanker operator.

Far from seeming apologetic about the tanker deal with the Chinese, Olga said simply: "I was very fortunate, because in the tanker business it is usually good to have a buyer. Tankers you always have." She had discovered that United Tanker Corp. wanted ships, that former Massachusetts Congressman Joe Casey & Co. had three ships and that he was having trouble financing them. Olga brought both sides together. Had she investigated the people with whom she was dealing?

"I just, after I met, or in between, or in before, whenever I met Mr. Wei, or Mr. Du or Dr. Chen, or whatever the name of these distinguished Chinese gentlemen are, it was none of my worries to worry about them," she said discerningly. She was only interested, she said, in getting \$100,000 as a commission on the sale of each of the three ships. Eventually she threw her own two tankers into the pot, too, and wound up with only \$450,000, but was satisfied.

The Main Thing. What kind of a deal did the buyers & sellers make? "I wasn't interested in what happened," she said. "I had done my excellent work and I was waiting to receive my moneys. It never interested me from where it [the money] would come. The main thing was that it was coming."

When the questioning was over, Olga cried, joyously: "I want to thank you very much. It was the thrill of my life." She kissed three startled reporters on the way out. It had, if the Senators' expressions meant anything, been a wonderful, wonderful afternoon.



MRS. OLGA KONOW
From barks to giggles.

United Press

The Neutralizer

Some people think that Air-Wicks purify the atmosphere by "absorbing" unpleasant odors. Not so. Air-Wicks give off chlorophyll and other scents which neutralize other odors. Tall (6 ft. 3 in.), handsome Manhattan Republican Newbold Morris, billed as the chief investigator to purify the graft-ridden Truman Administration, last week was doing effective duty as an Air-Wick.

A Crimson Creed? Some of Morris' fellow Republicans in Washington, hardly delighted at his taking the Truman appointment, were doing their best to make him trouble. Almost as soon as he got to Washington, Newbold was linked with the Chinese tanker deal. His law firm had got \$100,000 in fees for advising one-time Congressman Joseph Casey of Massachusetts and the group which originally bought the surplus tankers from the Government. Furthermore, Newbold himself headed the China International Foundation, a philanthropic organization which held the stock of United Tanker Corp. (see above), which, in turn, delivered oil to Communist China up to the start of the Korean war.

Last week South Dakota's G.O.P. Senator Karl Mundt teed off on Morris' law firm by referring repeatedly to "blood profits" and what he called the "crimson creed" of American interests which had dealt with the Reds. Wisconsin's Joe McCarthy happily announced (without naming names) that two members of the China International Foundation's board had been active in Communist-front groups. Then the President, who was presumably hot-eyed also, called Newbold in to hear a few well-chosen words.

While the Republican Senators were working him over, Newbold, with the air of a man who was trying to make somebody else his Air-Wick, had started working over the President. As a guest on the television program *Meet the Press*, he coolly implied that Truman was holding out on him. He announced that he wanted any of 25,000 Government employees—to whom he has sent questionnaires—to be fired if they refused to tell all about their incomes. He added, threateningly, that he would quit if the President refused to act. He tramped on the President's toes even harder by sniping at Ambassador to Mexico Bill O'Dwyer and Truman's longtime pal and palace jester, General Harry Vaughan.

The Angel Gabriel? He would not, Newbold said, have appointed either man in the first place. When he was asked, "Has Vaughan been fired?" he replied, significantly, "Not yet." He was asked if he thought cabinet members who tolerated corruption should be fired. He answered: "What's so wonderful about a cabinet member?" He waxed sarcastic when someone wanted to know why Truman had ordered the cleanup drive. "Who," he intoned, "is to know whether the Angel Gabriel appeared to the President?"



NEWBOLD MORRIS
From pillows to socks.

But for all his vigor before the television cameras, Morris left his interview with the President with a chastened look. Asked what Truman had told him, he refused to say, crying: "No, no, capital NO. I'm a guy who talks too much. I'm well known from the Bronx to the Battery as the man who talks too much. This time I'm not talking." Twice a New York City Council president and twice an unsuccessful anti-Tammany candidate for mayor, he was asked how political infighting in Washington compared with that in New York.

"Up in New York it's sort of like a pillow fight," he sighed. "Down here they really sock you." It looked as though worse lay ahead for Newbold. The Republican Senators had only been whacking him at long range. This week they proposed to question him in person.

CRIME

Scenario by Sennett

As manager of the civilian Credit Union at the Navy's big Quonset Point Air Station near Providence, R.I., Gerald Lynch had reason to feel a little nervous when payday came around. Part of his job was cashing paychecks for Quonset's 4,000 civilian employees, and a year ago burglars had stolen \$60,000 from the union's safe. Payday arrived last week, and Manager Lynch called in Thomas Smith, a burly civilian guard. Together, they picked up \$100,000 in small bills and change from the Navy paymaster and drove back to the Credit Union's door.

A green 1950 Oldsmobile slammed to a stop beside Lynch's car. Two men with Halloween masks over their faces hopped

out, jabbed snub-nosed revolvers at them and barked: "Give us the money. We're not kidding." Lynch and Smith promptly handed over their guns and the moneybags. "What are you going to do when a man pokes a gun in your ribs," asked Smith later, "be a Tom Mix?"

The rest of the scenario sounded as if it had been written by Mack Sennett. At the main gate, three startled marine guards jumped for safety as the getaway car shot through at 60 m.p.h. They hauled out their .45s, but the pieces were empty; the clips were in their belts (base regulations to avoid accidents). The police telephoned ahead to set up a roadblock. They were seconds too late; the green Oldsmobile got away. A few minutes later, a patrolman answered a fire alarm on a back road five miles from the base. It was the Oldsmobile, abandoned and burning. But when he tried to report it, his two-way radio wouldn't work; it took him precious minutes to call off the chase for the Oldsmobile and change it to a dark coupe that had been seen speeding away from the area where the Oldsmobile was found.

The new description had just gone over the air when a Providence cop saw two black coupes. He took off after them in a 70-mile-an-hour chase in which a second police car soon joined. The two coupes finally stopped, with the first police car behind them. The second police car smashed into the first, reducing both to junk. The men they were chasing turned out to be FBI agents hurrying to Quonset to investigate the robbery.

The holdup men seemed to have made a clean getaway in New England's biggest holdup since the \$1,500,000 Brink's robbery in 1950.

The Rap

Sentenced last week: James J. Moran, onetime first deputy fire commissioner of New York, for perpetrating a \$500,000-a-year shakedown of the big city's oil-burner contractors (TIME, Feb. 18). His punishment: 15½ to 25 years. Still a mystery: what Moran did with some \$300,000 in untraced graft money, which he refused to discuss.

The Good Citizen

Three weeks ago, Arnold Schuster, 24, was going about his uneventful life as a clerk in his father's gents' furnishings store in Brooklyn. Fame touched him when, riding a subway, he spotted Bank Robber Willie ("The Actor") Sutton, the nation's most wanted criminal, on an opposite seat. Schuster's tip led police to capture Willie (TIME, March 3). Then, when the cops tried to hog the credit, he hired a lawyer to establish his claim to a rumored reward.

There was no reward, but just after 9 one night last week, a gunman met Arnold Schuster in the shadows of a tree-lined street near his home in Brooklyn, and pumped four .38-cal. slugs into his brain and abdomen.

Police Commissioner George P. Monaghan launched an all-out search for the killer. An alarm was flashed for the only known pal of Willie Sutton who is still at large—Frederick J. ("The Angel") Tenuuto, 37, a scar-faced murderer who broke out of prison with Sutton in 1947. Police technicians began a laboratory analysis of a dozen threatening letters Schuster had received. Sample: "You won't have long to live. Willie has friends." A great many people immediately leaped to the conclu-

sion that Good Citizen Schuster had been killed by Willie's friends.

Although there had been no reward for Schuster's identification of Sutton, several were offered for bringing Schuster's killer to justice. The New York Journal-American offered \$10,000 to anyone who gives its city editor—not the police—information which "solely" would lead to the arrest and conviction of Schuster's killer. The Brooklyn Eagle and television station WPIX, owned by the New York Daily News, put up \$1,000 each; New York City offered \$25,000.

Sutton, awaiting trial for bank robbery in a Long Island jail, heard about the killing on his cell radio. His initial reaction was highly egocentric: "I could have fallen off the bed. This sinks me." Then he scrambled back to his role as a bandit with nice manners. His lawyer announced that Willie was writing to Schuster's family to express "his sincere regrets at this senseless, disgraceful murder." Willie has been offered \$250,000 for his memoirs and will turn this money over, his lawyer said, to the "Willie Sutton Helping Hand Fund," to assist ex-convicts and wayward juveniles who want to go straight.

MANNERS & MORALS

The Worst Tragedy

John Bohling, a German-born, 40-year-old New York metalworker, was just off the *Gripsholm* from his first visit to Germany in 23 years. While visiting relatives on a farm near Bremen, a childhood love had been rekindled in his heart. Now he stood uneasily beside his trunk in the customs shed on Manhattan's Pier 57. John Bohling's passion was illicit in America, and he knew it.

Customs Inspector William F. White measured the outside of the trunk, then the inside. "You got a false bottom in there," White accused.

The jig was up. "Yes, I have," Bohling confessed.

White pounced, "What's in there?" In a faraway voice, the shattered Bohling replied: "Mettwurst."

A dockworker tore the false bottom out. White reached into the trunk and pulled out 8 lbs. of fine *Mettwurst*, a German pork boloney, homemade by Bohling's relatives. White ripped the sausages to shreds, looking for dope or diamonds. There was only *Mettwurst*. The Department of Agriculture man confiscated it all pursuant to Bureau of Animal Industry Order No. 373, which forbids the importing of uncertified meat from countries infested with foot-and-mouth disease.*

Saddened John Bohling stood on the dock, a lonely figure of a man crushed by the pains of modern government. "I love *Mettwurst*," he whispered after the vanishing shreds.

* Canada's livestock industry currently faces a major crisis because of foot-and-mouth disease. A German immigrant who had worked on an infected farm in Germany apparently carried the infection in on his clothes (TIME, March 10).



BANDIT SPOTTER ARNOLD SCHUSTER DEAD IN BROOKLYN
Willie Sutton sent his regrets.

New York Daily Mirror—International

LABOR

The Most Dangerous Man

In his 61 action-packed years as A.F.L. representative in Europe, Irving Brown has become one of the Americans that Communists know best—and hate most. In Belgium Communists call him "the grey eminence of the yellow international," in Italy "Scarface, the notorious American fascist racketeer," in Prague "the chief union splitter." Tass has accused him of everything from forging Cominform documents to shipping German virgins to Africa "to amuse young Americans." Last week Brown was in Washington reporting to A.F.L. leaders on how he had earned such Red epithets.

After World War II, disciplined Communist cadres, posing as patriots, took over much of the European labor movement. Anti-Communists were trapped, without power or money, in the big, Red-led unions. The Soviet-dominated World Federation of Trade Unions (W.F.T.U.) ensnared Britain's Trades Union Congress and the U.S.'s C.I.O., and paralyzed their international operations.

Reinforced Concrete. Scorning the W.F.T.U., the A.F.L.'s Free Trade Union Committee (formed in 1944) decided to help rebuild democratic unions in Europe. It handed the Herculean assignment to Brown because he was a well-educated (N.Y.U., Columbia) A.F.L. organizer with a rugged constitution and lots of hustle. Since November 1945, when he arrived in Paris, Brown has learned to speak French, German and Italian, traveled over 500,000 miles, visited 26 countries, dealt with thousands of labor leaders from Karachi to Helsinki.

"Our job," says Brown, "was to be the reinforcing rods in the concrete. Wherever we could find men who would fight, we had to give them the knowledge that they were not fighting alone." The full story of Brown's accomplishments will stay off the record for a long time, but it is already clear that he and the A.F.L.:
 ♣ Supplied the moral and financial backing to the anti-Communist movements which broke the French and Italian Red-led general strikes of 1947.

♣ Made possible the anti-Communist trade-union federations *Force Ouvrière* in France and C.I.S.L. in Italy. Says André Lafond, a key secretary of F.O.: "In the history of European labor, Brown will be more important than all the diplomats put together."

♣ Sponsored the anti-Communist coalition of free trade unions in Greece.

♣ Helped form the Mediterranean Port

Committee, which wrested control of French, Italian and Greek ports from the Communists.

Man at Work. True stories of Brown at work are becoming legends of European labor. In the darkened Lamand Café, in the French mining center of Lens, Brown met in 1946 with six miners. Their leader, tough, 76-year-old Henri Mailly, wore a bullet-holed beret, newly ventilated by a Communist potshot. Said Mailly: "The Communists have everything, even our old union building. But we are willing to fight." An organization cam-



Walter Bennett

A.F.L.'s IRVING BROWN
Free Europeans were not alone.

paign was laid that night, with a key man in each pit.

Within a year, Mailly & Co. had one-third of the miners. Today they have half, and a new brick union hall. Says Brown: "They needed a few francs for a mimeograph machine and a full-time organizer. But most of all they needed to feel they were not alone." By December 1947, there was enough free union momentum in France to form *Force Ouvrière*, and old Mailly was on hand when it was born.

Reds on the Run. The fight for the Communist-dominated Marseille docks was probably the toughest. The Soviets had issued orders to keep U.S. arms from being unloaded at French ports. They planned to use the French Communist example for an all-out world campaign.

The offensive against the Reds was led by a rugged, fiery Corsican, Pierre Ferri-Pisani, now 50. He and Brown had met in Marseille, become friends. With Brown's help, Ferri-Pisani found "men brave enough," went to Communist headquarters in Marseille and delivered an ultimatum: "If there is any trouble on the docks, we will not bother with the men you send to cause it. No, within 48 hours we will ask you to pay personally." Red

bosses ran for police protection. The first Communist who tried to fire Ferri-Pisani's men was chucked into the harbor.

The Communist campaign boomeranged completely. U.S. arms were unloaded at European ports. Says Ferri-Pisani: "Brown was decisive. He was the only one to back us before we even had a union."

Last December, he was in Helsinki to see the Finnish metalworkers vote to quit the W.F.T.U., as top Soviet union officials looked on. The night before the vote, Koushkin, the head of the Soviet Metalworkers Union, had a drink with Brown, suggested they bury the hatchet. "O.K.," snapped Brown, "You make your revolution against Vishinsky, and I'll make one against Acheson." Koushkin walked away, drink unfinished.

Brown runs his far-flung operation from a seven-room, \$100-a-month house in Brussels, where he lives with his Berlin-born wife Lillie, a Hunter College graduate, and their nine-year-old son. Brown talks to perhaps 75 callers in his 14-hour day, including Russian exiles, contacts inside Communist Parties, European politicians and American MSA officials. He earns \$8,750 a year, runs his operation on less than \$2,000 a month, has carefully doled out more than \$500,000 of A.F.L. money. His staff consists of only two secretaries and a young assistant.

Partly thanks to Brown, Europe's Communist unions are currently in serious difficulties. The new Communist line of a "popular front" with the Socialists has failed. The French Communist-run C.G.T. has lost 2,000,000 members since 1949. But the free unions have not taken advantage of the Red slump. *Force Ouvrière* has not picked up the ex-C.G.T. members.

"The tragedy," Brown adds, "is that American labor does not move as a united force." The A.F.L. and C.I.O. are battling each other as bitterly in Europe as they are in the U.S.

Victor Reuther, C.I.O. representative in Europe since early 1951, argues that the Marshall Plan benefited only the employers; Brown insists that without Marshall Plan aid, all Europe would be Communist today. Reuther hammers on his "pork chops are all that count" line; Brown says "the idea that poverty breeds Communism is a dangerous oversimplification." With his far greater experience, Brown finds Reuther "naïve." Reuther retorts that "Europeans are tired of little men who run around with little black bags."

Brown's favorite story concerns a Paris cabbie who gave him a long Communist harangue, climaxed by the cry: "And the most dangerous man in all France is the American spy, Irving Brown!" Brown grabbed the cabbie by his lapels and hissed: "Moi, mon enfant, moi, je suis Irving Brown." The cabbie went dead white, as if he had seen the devil, and was so weak he could not put out his hand for the taxi fare. Last week in Washington, Irving Brown was filling his little black bag with plans for a lot more anti-Communist devilry.

© Westbrook Pegler's line against Brown parallels the Communists'. Says Pegler: "L'HUMANITE [the French Communist daily] is right in saying that Brown is an agent of the American Government. He certainly is. . . [Brown] is strictly an independent, irresponsible conspirator fomenting more trouble in the internal politics of nations already troubled by disunity." Pegler's Dec. 31, 1951 column approvingly carried seven paragraphs of quotations from a L'HUMANITE attack on Brown.

NEWS IN PICTURES



CANDIDATE KEFAUVER, enjoying election stunt with pretty wife Nancy, pushes manfully at campaign car. Associated Press



CANDIDATE TAFT, in



CANDIDATE KERR finds kissable baby right at home: Grandson Robert III, 16 months. United Press

CAMPAIGNERS OF 1952

This week the 1952 campaign got down to cases, as the voters went to the polls in snowy New Hampshire to decide the nation's first presidential primary. From now until Election Day, politicians of all parties and all stripes will be out in force from coast to coast, making friends, mending fences, remembering faces and playing and replaying the familiar scenes shown on these pages. Most notable departure from campaign tradition thus far: the resolute political silence of Candidate Ike Eisenhower.

VOTEURS REPUBLICAINS DU NEW HAMPSHIRE



NOUS
SOMMES
POUR
TAFT
NOUS SAVONS
CE QU'IL PEUT
FAIRE!

(Votez - consultez
nos programmes)

L'Expérience inspire la Confiance

BOB TAFT CLUB OF N. H.
S. O. WALKER

TAFT AD aimed at French-speaking vote.



Associated Press
traditional pose, greets Algonquin Indian.



Associated Press
CANDIDATE STASSEN, working hot-stove circuit, tries his hand at the folksy approach.



Associated Press
CANDIDATE EISENHOWER inspires barbershop trio of Bandleader Fred Waring, Senator Saltonstall, New Hampshire's Governor Adams.

INTERNATIONAL

WAR IN KOREA

Purgatory

The dilly-dallying in the truce tents continued, like drops of water in the old Chinese torture. It was eight months since the U.N. and Communist negotiators had sat down to turn the war that is not a war into a peace that is not a peace.

On the U.N. side of the battle line, 450,000 men—much of the cream of U.S. military manpower—burrowed dismally into the Korean snow and mud, to wait for they knew not what. On the other side, 900,000 of the enemy did the same. Occasionally, on either side, a man died—a bullet in the brain, a mutilating date with a mortar shell, a ride to earth in a jet-

era and bubonic plague among their armies.

Whether it was to be a truce or more fighting, even the top men in the U.N. command did not seem to know. General James A. Van Fleet guessed aloud that the Communists would not dare to try an offensive this spring. If they did, said he, his forces could stop them: "It would be a good thing if we could get those people out of their foxholes and dugouts, to mow them down the way we did last April and May." But actually, the U.N. command was not so bold. To break through the enemy successfully, they said, they would need at least another two divisions, and it would cost 25,000 fresh U.N. casualties, perhaps more.

Gone, too, was much of the confident

and well-trained army at home. The Turks' fighting forces, numbering 400,000, include 16 infantry divisions, six armored brigades, eight destroyers, a dozen submarines and a growing air force with fields suitable for jets. The Greeks, with 160,000 men under arms, boast ten divisions in the field and as many more in reserve, a small air force equipped with some jets, and a small but capable navy.

The Will To Fight. At Ankara's Esenboga military airfield, Ike was welcomed by a surging crowd of photographers, an honor guard of the Turkish army and a corps of diplomats who had braved the razor winds to shake his hand. "Turkey," he told them, "has proven herself to be a democratic country [with] a very important strategic position in the Atlantic Treaty."

Two days later, after brisk conferences with Turkey's ministers and military men and a hasty sightseeing tour, the general left Turkey, deeply impressed "at finding people with a will to fight if they have to." "We consider him 'our commander' now," said one admiring young Turk.

Unlike the Turks, who number few Communists in their midst, the Greeks welcomed Ike with infinite security precautions. Even the high-ranking officers and officials who met him at Athens airfield were kept to assigned positions. Communist leaflets in the city warned: "Out of here, you butcher Eisenhower! Greek children will not be your victims!" But friendly faces far outnumbered the threats. Next day, King Paul gave Eisenhower the Grand Cross of the Order of the Savior, and his deputy, General Gruenther, the Grand Cross of the Order of George I.*

Use Plain Language. From Greece the general went to Italy, whose leaders were distressed by the reports that Greek and Turkish soldiers did not want to serve under Italy's General Maurizio de Castiglione, commander of NATO's southern Europe land forces. Instead, they will probably report directly to the Mediterranean naval commander, U.S. Admiral Robert B. Carney.

"Mick" Carney's fleet, the warships of four nations, was bobbing in Naples harbor after a week of brisk maneuvers during which former allies and enemies had worked together in smooth efficiency over the western Mediterranean. One incident had marred the maneuvers. When a British commander wanted an Italian commander to stop sending messages in code, he sent word: "Use plain language." The Italian thought his idiom was being criticized, and froze into sulky silence. Carney ruled that henceforth the proper NATO instruction should be "Do not encode."

In the same diplomatic way, Ike was expected to soothe Italy's pique over the loss of Greek and Turkish commands by giving an Italian some other high post.

* Eisenhower got no ribbons from the Turks. Reason: Turkey does not decorate fighting men.



David Douglas Denon—LIFE

GENERAL EISENHOWER & KING PAUL
Nos. 13 & 14 had earned their place.

propelled funeral pyre. But the dying settled nothing.

In the truce tents at Panmunjon, nothing was settled either. A dismal pall of petty complexities had settled over a mission that once seemed pressing and simple. Daily, the truce delegates marched into their stove-warmed tents for the usual round of long, surly wrangles or ridiculous little meetings of a few minutes (one last week lasted only 120 seconds) at which neither side would speak. The issues were the too familiar ones—the Reds' insistence that Russia is a fit neutral to police the truce, the U.S. insistence on "voluntary" repatriation of prisoners, the usual exchanges of insults over mishandling of P.W.s. To cloud the air further, Peking and Moscow burst out with ludicrous charges that the U.N. forces were busily dropping germ-infected insects, cotton wads and leaflets behind Communist lines. It was a typical Red attempt to explain away a reported outbreak of typhus, chol-

talk about knocking out Red China by air attacks on her mainland industry and communications if the war is resumed.

And so, last week, men of East and West continued to suffer in modern civilization's clumsy but efficient imitation of purgatory.

NATO

"Our Commander Now"

Like eager soldiers at guard mount, Turkey and Greece last week stood at stiff attention, gleaming with spit & polish and full of self-conscious pride, to greet General Dwight Eisenhower. NATO's Supreme Commander had flown over on a quick trip from France especially to welcome Nations No. 13 & 14 into the European Army.

They were more than promising recruits. Each had shown its willingness to fight Communist aggression abroad by sending troops to Korea. Each had a tough

FOREIGN NEWS

GREAT BRITAIN

Court Gazette

From Buckingham Palace came two royal decisions:

¶ Queen Elizabeth II, who was born on April 21, 1926, will celebrate her "official" birthday on June 5, so that her loyal subjects will be more apt to have a sunny day to witness her birthday pageant in Whitehall's Horse Guards parade. Her father, December-born, also officially celebrated June 5.

¶ The Queen's husband, Prince Philip, Duke of Edinburgh, will henceforth rank as "first gentleman of the Realm" whenever he is out with his wife. When Elizabeth is not present, Philip, as the most recently created royal duke, will take third place after George VI's brothers: Prince Henry, Duke of Gloucester, and Prince Edward, Duke of Windsor.

Mutiny

Winston Churchill stood like a portly Puck before the House of Commons one day last week, to report on the state of Britain's muscle-straining \$13.1 billion defense program. In other circumstances, what he had to say might have embarrassed a Prime Minister; things are still not going well: "... The rearmament program is much more likely to be carried out in four years than in three." But Churchill was in good spirits: he knew that his opposition came not from those who thought he was doing too little, but from those who thought the government was doing too much.

And he had only to look across the way to see how discomfiting the whole subject was to Her Majesty's Loyal Opposition. There, down front, sat Clement Attlee's ex-ministers, anxious to criticize but handicapped by the fact that the defense program was, after all, the one they began while in office. On the back benches sat the left-wing rebels led by Aneurin Bevan, spoiling for trouble.

Rebellious Tail. With easy cunning, the Prime Minister sought to widen Labor's split. He paid elaborate tribute to such programs as "the Socialist compulsory military service." The opposition's attempt to censure him while approving his program, he conceded charitably, was no worse than the harassing tactics the Tories had used when the Laborites were in power. However, he added, with a glance that traveled from Labor's front to back benches, "they always knew they had us with them if it ever came to a vote against their own tail."

For six hours the House echoed with the polite rancor of a strange debate—strange because the quarrel was all on one side of the House. Attlee pointedly ordered all Labor M.P.s to support rearmament. Churchill just sat back, smiling in anticipation of the pleasure to come at voting time.

When it came, the Labor Party's pent-up quarrel broke into open mutiny. In the



Leonarda da Vicky—London News Chronicle
"THE SMILE"

Grounds for a divorce.

vote on Labor's own pallid motion (combining censure of Churchill with approval of rearmament), Nye Bevan and 39 of his followers stayed stolidly in their seats. Next came the vote on the government's motion approving the Churchill program. Attlee and the bulk of Labor stayed in their seats, abstaining but not voting against. But 40 Bevanites and another 15 Laborites, most of them pacifists, filed into the lobby in open defiance of party orders, to record Noes ("Nyes," one will call them) against rearmament. They were the only Noes, and Churchill won, 313 to 55.

The front bench of Labor gasped in surprise at the size of Bevan's rebellion.



LABOR'S JIM GRIFFITHS
Candidate for a compromise.

Attlee, mild in appearance but a ruthless taskmaster in matters of party regularity, jerkily jumped to his feet, left the House without a word, and took the train to his Buckinghamshire home. But next day he ordered an emergency meeting of all 294 Labor M.P.s for this week, to consider the defiance of his leadership. In rebuttal, brash Nye Bevan demanded and got an emergency session of Labor's executive committee, to be held later in the week. Bevanites are outnumbered on the committee, 23 to 4, but Bevan seemed unconcerned.

Long Shot. London buzzed with talk that Bevan and his key lieutenants would be expelled from the party. Nye Bevan did not still the talk when, four days after the Commons mutiny, he vowed before a Socialist meeting that he would not promise to get in line in the future. The Bevanites would try to persuade the rest of Labor to join them in fighting Toryism, said Bevan. "But if we cannot go on together, we shall go on alone." Presumably neither Nye Bevan nor Clement Attlee wanted a divorce, for such a split might mean a Tory government for a long time to come. But pride and strong wills were at issue. Even if there was a compromise, the intraparty cold war was sure to rage on.

Looking into the longer future, Laborites saw the possibility that some day party leadership might be handed over to a compromise leader, as Attlee himself came to power in 1935 when Arthur Greenwood and Herbert Morrison were deadlocked in the fight for control.

Bevanites are already talking, in a casual way, about such a man. He is James Griffiths, a 61-year-old Welshman who came, like Nye Bevan, out of the coal mines. They hint that should Attlee drop out at some future date, Bevan himself might not grab for control. Privately, the Bevan followers say that silver-haired Jim Griffiths would be a fine bridge between the moderate, old-line Socialists and the left-wingers. An old-style trade unionist himself, he came from the revivalist meetings and coal dust of South Wales, eked out an education in London's Labor College while his wife worked as a waitress, rose slowly but surely through the chairs of the mine workers' union.

A rebel who speaks with the roaring fervor of a Biblical prophet, Griffiths nevertheless is a master compromiser. When persuasion will not work, his sense of humor often does the trick. Once, while touring the U.S., he was told by an American: "Frankly, I don't like the English." Replied Jim: "That's all right. I have a lot of trouble with them myself." In Labor's reign, he handled the tough Ministry of National Insurance, later was Secretary of State for the Colonies. Respected by both Attlee and Bevan, Griffiths last week was giving no indication that he had even heard the talk about him. In the confidence votes on rearmament, he voted stoutly with Attlee.

FRANCE

Gibe of the Week

From the Danish newspaper *Information*: "The general feeling prevailing in Tunis is that France is not yet ripe for self-government."

Revolt Against the General

General Charles de Gaulle's remarkably tight hold on his own Rally of the French People was broken for the first time last week. For five years his deputies—now 118, the largest group in the French Assembly—had kept in line behind their stern leader. By staying out of coalition governments, which fell one after another, De Gaulle hoped to show that the constitution of the French parliament was unworkable and must be reformed. Judging by the despair Frenchmen felt at the collapse of their 13th postwar government, De Gaulle had almost made his case.

Then it happened. As his party caucus met to discuss France's latest attempt to form a government, there were rumblings of revolt in the Gaullist ranks. His followers thirsted for the plums of office. At the height of the caucus debate, the general turned on his loyal lieutenant, Edmond Barrachin: "Without me, sir, you would not be a Deputy." Snapped Barrachin: "Without you, *mon Général*, I would be a Minister." When the showdown came, Barrachin toed the party line, but 27 other Gaullists bolted. They were still right-wingers, but they felt that the time had come to play more than a negative role. Their votes in the Assembly put into the premiership an all-but-unknown minister named Antoine Pinay, a conservative but not a Gaullist.

Businessman's Flyer. Antoine Pinay, 60, was on a Paris-bound train when the stationmaster at Dijon handed him President Auriol's telegram inviting him to try his hand at forming a cabinet. Pinay, an Independent Republican, had never considered himself a likely Premier. With his neat crinkly hair, his long thin face, glasses, and his trim little mustache, he looked just what he was: a small-town French businessman.

Mounting the Assembly rostrum without applause last week, he took a businessman's view of France's finances: 1) on no falling foreign exchange; "There can be no dishonoring of [France's] signature. She will pay in gold"; 2) on the empty Treasury: "A new loan will have to be negotiated"; 3) on the budget: "We must seek a deficit of 400 billion francs." Said he: "The remedies are neither of the right nor of the left. They bear no parliamentary labels. They are technical measures to be taken in a climate of political trust." Cautiously he skirted the tax issue which had tripped his predecessor, Edgar Faure.

A World War I veteran (with the *Médaille Militaire* and *Croix de Guerre*), Antoine Pinay was one of the 569 French parliamentarians who voted state powers to Marshal Pétain at Vichy in 1940. But Pinay managed to avoid collaborationist charges by his excellent record as wartime



ANTOINE PINAY
He even surprised himself.

mayor of Saint-Chamond in the Loire. He operates a tannery in the Rhône town of Saint-Symphorien-sur-Coise. It was the conservative look of Premier Pinay which attracted the Gaullist right wing.

Fledgling Right Wing. With their help, he was able to do without the Socialists, who have sabotaged so many of France's weak governments of the center. His cabinet looked the same as most of those before it, with Robert Schuman still anchor man as Foreign Minister. His program, too, was sketchy; perhaps he would fall as soon as he tried to fill it out. But still, unknown Antoine Pinay had already proved that the Socialists could be left out, that Gaullists can be split, and that, for the first time since World War II, a homogeneous right-wing government might be possible. For French politics these days, all that was something.

The French Join In

With the help of American dollars, the French have brought forth a first-class jet fighter plane. Last week a few of the wraps were taken off the *Mystère* MD-452, a swept-wing job more or less in the same league as the U.S.'s F-86 Sabre jets and Russia's MIG-15s. The *Mystère* was developed by French engineers using \$5,000,000 worth of U.S. machine tools, furnished by the Mutual Security Agency.

The U.S. Air Force's Brigadier General Albert Boyd of the Wright Air Development Center, Dayton, Ohio, and Major "Chuck" Yeager took turns flying the *Mystère* over Marignane, France, checking its airspeed system by flying it alongside F-86 Sabres. "An excellent interceptor," they concluded, and recommended that the French put it into production. The *Mystère* will begin coming off assembly lines next month at Bordeaux's Dassault Aircraft plant. Target: a plane a day by the end of the year.

RUSSIA

Half for War

The Supreme Soviet, Russia's parliament, met fleetingly in the Kremlin last week to Sign Here at the bottom of the 1952 budget. For the first year since the war, Stalin was not present, but the other eleven Politburocrats dressed up the occasion by sitting up front, enduring dutifully one of the lesser hardships of dictatorship: boring, predictable speeches.

The Supreme Soviet met to approve a new 477 billion ruble budget, 6% higher than last year, and to be told that taxes will be 10% higher. Some 114 billion rubles (or \$28 billion at the meaningless official exchange rates) are listed for defense—20% more than last year.

On the record Russia is putting a quarter of its income into war. Actually it is putting more than half, when budget categories are decoded. "Education" includes military training. "Support of the government" includes atomic development and the huge secret-police setup.

ITALY

Form Letter

Sleek and slinky Countess Pia Bellentani was an amateur poetess and a woman of passion. She had long regarded her relations with the middle-aged count, her husband, as a "purely formal duty." Her friend Carlo Sacchi the silk merchant was an amateur poet as well and only slightly less passionate. In Italy's caviar and champagne set during the early '40s, the two made a neatly rhymed couplet, and even Signora Sacchi nodded at their idyl on the theory that it was only a "passing passion."

From Countess Pia's point of view, however, it passed too fast. By 1948, her poetry had taken on a brooding tone, and Carlo's had become downright morbid: "I see death moving about in the room." One night in September of that year, Pia and her husband, the Sacchis and Sacchi's newest girl friend were all dining together in sophisticated splendor at the sumptuous Villa d'Este. "An ill wind is blowing for me tonight," murmured Sacchi darkly. Eying Sacchi's new girl, Pia asked a friend: "What am I to do?"

The question was purely rhetorical, Pia knew just what to do. She went to the desk where her husband had checked his pistol. Then she faced Sacchi, took aim and fired. "It sounded just like the popping of another cork," remembers one of the bystanders. A moment later, Pia aimed the gun at her own temple and pulled the trigger once again. But the gun misfired. "It won't shoot," screamed Pia.

Last week, after a three-year sojourn in a Naples asylum, Pia stood trial for murder in Como. She readily confessed the killing in a 104-page deposition burning with passion. But, she said, "I didn't want to kill him, only to intimidate him." Why? Because the brute Sacchi had not only broken off their affair; he had done it via a form letter—sent at the same time to five other mistresses.

THE COMMONWEALTH Africa Emerges

"This is my dream—all British," Empire Builder Cecil Rhodes once said, placing the palm of his hand across the map of Africa. Rhodes spoke 75 years ago, and in the following half-century his countrymen came close to fulfilling his dream. In West Africa's jungles, they founded two great river colonies: the Gold Coast, which is bigger than Minnesota, and Nigeria, which dwarfs Texas and Oklahoma combined, and is Britain's most populous (25 million) African possession. Following Explorer David Livingstone in his search for the source of the Nile, they filtered into East Africa, crossed the Mountains of the Moon, established Kenya Colony and Uganda Protectorate. Farther south, other Britons followed Rhodes, carved out Northern and Southern Rhodesia in his name, and planted the Union Jack in a dozen native kingdoms, e.g., Bechuanaland, Basutoland, Nyasaland.

To round out its empire, Britain got Texas-sized Tanganyika as a League of Nations mandate from Germany, took over British Somaliland to the north, the Cameroons in the West, the tiny island of Zanzibar off the East African coast. When it was all over, Britain's African Empire stretched from Cape to Cairo, spanning a rich, fertile area as large as the U.S.

A Place in the Sun. Now both Cape and Cairo are out of British control. The Union of South Africa severed all but the most tenuous connection with Britain; today its fierce "Boer" Nationalists, led by Prime Minister Daniel Malan, cast envious eyes at the unplowed ranges and abundant black labor in the colonies north of the Limpopo River.* In booming West Africa, which produces 45% of the world's cocoa, 8% of its tin, the black man has emerged from the jungle and demands his place in the sun.

Last week, to safeguard its hold on the remaining British Africa, Britain's Colonial Office took two big conciliatory steps. Most ambitious was a plan to amalgamate the self-governing colony of Southern Rhodesia with the adjoining protectorates of Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland (see map). Together, the three territories would form a 475,000 sq. mi. Central African Federation, which might one day become Britain's eighth dominion.

In the House of Commons last week, Tory Colonial Secretary Oliver Lyttelton announced: "There are massive economic reasons for federation . . . A single port serves all three. There is a need for Nyasaland labor in Northern and Southern Rhodesia . . . Coal from Wankie in Southern Rhodesia is required for the copper mines of Northern Rhodesia."

Even more important in British eyes is

the need to build a strong bulwark of British power and civilization in Central Africa. Afrikaners are flocking into the Rhodesias at the rate of 2,000 a month; many of them are anti-British and determined to bring the Rhodesias into the Union of South Africa. Warned Laborite Jim Griffiths, Lyttelton's predecessor as Colonial Secretary (see above): "Unless there is created and sustained in these three territories a stronger political association looking to [Britain] for its inspiration . . . other principles and other traditions might prevail . . . which come from the Union of South Africa. I think the House and the country ought to know that the policy of *Apartheid* [racial segregation] is casting a sinister shadow over Africa."

Central Africa's 160,000 whites in the three territories strongly support federation. Said chunky Roy Welensky, unofficial Prime Minister of Northern Rhodesia: "If three people are going down a dark road, they'd better stick together." But 6,000,000 Africans, insofar as their sentiments can be judged at all, seem as strongly opposed. With federation they fear that Southern Rhodesia's South-African-style "color bar" would be extended to the other territories. They are unwilling to lose the protection of the British Colonial Office, which traditionally shields the Afrikaners from racial persecution.

Against strong Labor opposition (Labor supports federation but wants stronger safeguards for the Africans), Lyttelton invited the three colonial governments and representatives of the Africans to meet him in London next month. Agenda: federation now.

From the White Queen. Britain's second step is a clear recognition that West Africa nationalism is here to stay. To the Gold Coast's cheering, native parliament went word that the White Queen across the seas had appointed history's first African Prime Minister: Dr. Kwame Nkrumah (pronounced nah-croom-ah). A year ago, when Britain gave the Gold Coast its first constitution, trouble-making Socialist Lawyer Nkrumah, a dedicated anti-colonialist, became "Leader of Government Business," with responsibilities for health, education and commerce. Old colonial hands forecast bloody revolution, but Nkrumah, in office, cooperated with Britain to make the constitution work.

Husky and handsome, he was born in a primitive jungle hamlet, raised in the bush. He won scholarships to Achimota College, the Gold Coast's "Eton," was sent to Lincoln University in Pennsylvania to study religion and anthropology. Back in the Gold Coast in 1950, Nkrumah quickly gained power in the anti-colonial Convention People's Party, became the most power-



* The "great, grey-green, greasy (as Kipling called it) Limpopo River, all set about with fever-trees" is sometimes called Africa's Mason-Dixon Line. Reason: it divides "Jim Crow" South Africa from the self-governing colony of Southern Rhodesia, where "white-black partnership" is at least theoretically the rule.



Associated Press
SOCIALIST NKUMAH
The White Queen consented.

ful African in the colony when his party swept 31 out of the 38 elective seats in last year's election.

Nkrumah's appointment as Prime Minister is far from a proclamation of the Gold Coast independence. The Colonial Office in London still controls finance, defense and justice. But, like the famous piano keyboard crest displayed outside the Gold Coast's Achimota School, his appointment is designed to show that black & white can work in harmony.

GERMANY

A Test of Strength

While U.S. voters this week looked to the northeast (New Hampshire) for the national political portent, the signs in Germany last week were in the southwest. Germany's Socialists, led by vituperative Kurt Schumacher, have long insisted that the bulk of Germany's people are dead set against Chancellor Konrad Adenauer's plans to tie Germany into the Western European defense. A local election for assembly members in the southwestern state newly formed from the merger of Württemberg-Baden, Baden and Württemberg-Hohenzollern gave them, they thought, an ideal chance to prove their case.

Schumacher dragged himself from a sickbed to harangue the southwest voters by radio. Adenauer's Housing Minister Eberhard Wildermuth died of a heart attack in Tübingen after strenuously pleading the government's cause. From ancient Heidelberg to the Black Forest and all through the area known principally for its vacation resorts, its cuckoo clocks and its conservative politics, other leading ministers and oppositionists campaigned tirelessly.

The result: a bitter disappointment to Schumacher's Socialists. Of 2.73 million South German voters who trooped to

the polls, 54% voted for candidates from the two coalition parties who support Adenauer, only 28% voted Socialist, a seemingly clear victory for Adenauer—and the West.

Said Adenauer: "I am facing the 1953 national elections without any anxiety."

Politically Frigid

Fritz Jahnke, a Potsdam Communist, had a divorce case against his wife: she was not a Communist. His wife had a counter complaint against her husband: he was carrying on shamelessly with a woman in his office. Last week the Communist court decided in favor of the husband. As for the other woman in the case, said the court, that was easily explained: "Because of the already existing differences in the ideological level of the parties, the plaintiff entered into illicit relations with his colleague in order to further his spiritual development." The judge warned Frau Jahnke: "Marriage does not consist only in the physical relationship bound in a man's sitting in soft slippers before the fireplace but [also in] political readiness."

LUXEMBOURG

Problem Child

The tiny Grand Duchy of Luxembourg (pop. 300,000) reported contentedly last week on the scope of its unemployment problem. The registered jobless: 21 men and one woman.

HUNGARY

Happy Birthday, Dear Matyas

Hungary's bullet-headed Boss Matyas Rakosi became his nation's first citizen after a long and diligent apprenticeship in murder, conspiracy, intimidation and other arts of Communist politics. Most of his adult life has been spent either in Hungary's jails or in Moscow's schools for sabotage. On Moscow's orders, he framed Cardinal Mindszenty, executed his colleague Laszlo Rajk, helped the Russians to kidnap Majority Leader Bela Kovacs, and forced Premier Ferenc Nagy into exile.

Last week Matyas Rakosi turned 60. Hungarians celebrated his birthday with appropriate gestures:

¶ A marble plaque was unveiled in a Czeget secondary school: "Comrade Rakosi studied here. He always got excellent marks in mathematics. At school meetings he played an important role. Old, experienced teachers learned from the 18-year-old boy."

¶ The national railways announced that "in honor of Rakosi's birthday, all workers' trains—with one exception—ran on schedule."

¶ In Miskolc, Tractor Driver Rozsi Szabo enrolled for a course in political orientation. She felt, said Rozsi, that she "absolutely had to make a worthy labor offer for Rakosi's birthday."

¶ At Budapest's Rokus Hospital, Staff Neurologist Endre Kuhanyis whipped out a two-volume treatise on trigeminal neuralgia, in honor of the leader's birthday.

¶ Laborers at a Budapest crane factory attended the factory's political school in twice their usual number, informed one another and the press that "the most beautiful experience of their lives had been their first meeting with Comrade Rakosi in the winter of 1945."

¶ At the Youth Shoe Factory, workers promised to improve the quality of their shoes, hitherto declared only 80% satisfactory.

¶ In Szatmar, a youth brigade "accomplished their work norms even in a snow storm."

¶ In Budapest's *Nepszava*, an editorial writer summed it all up: "Wisdom . . . Greatness . . . Love of Life . . . Love of Humanity . . . What is perseverance? What is courage? Those questions are answered in the example of Comrade Rakosi's life."

At a Budapest general school, the great Comrade himself dropped in to shed the radiance of his example on the pupils. One little girl complained that she did not like gymnastics. Ah, said Rakosi, there was a time when he, too, had thought athletics unimportant, but he had learned better. Why, once, in the press of political business, he remembered, he had had to swim right across the Danube.

AUSTRALIA

Help to the Middle East

In the crucial days of early 1942, Australia compelled Winston Churchill to send home its ground units from the Middle East to protect its own shores from the Japanese. Last week, for the first time since then, Australia moved back into the Middle East. It announced that it would send an R.A.A.F. jet fighter wing to help the British, and provide support for a new international Middle East Command.

The move would leave Australia without



COMMUNIST RAKOSI
The Red Chief condescended.



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ALTERNATELY





U.S.'s ADMIRAL MARTIN WELCOMING JAPAN'S ADMIRAL NOMURA ABOARD WISCONSIN
Old friends talked about old times and new.

first-line air defense at home: two of its squadrons are now in Malaya, two others in Korea. But Australia has moved forward since its World War II days, when defense forces were split into two groups—volunteers who fought abroad, conscripts for home defense. Now all of Australia's defense forces must serve wherever the government sends them—and the government's policy is to meet threats before they directly menace Australia's shores.

JAPAN

Admirals Forgiven

It was Captain (later Rear Admiral) Hideo Hiraide who broke the news to the Japanese people on Dec. 7, 1941: "In the early morning, units of the imperial navy launched an attack on Pearl Harbor . . . Two battleships sunk, four severely damaged . . ." Last week Admiral Hiraide and 457 others, put on a war-crime purge list in 1946 by General Douglas MacArthur, were de-purged by the Japanese government. Admiral Hiraide died in 1948, but his de-purging is more than a posthumous attempt to blot out the stain on the family escutcheon. Under the original stiff occupation rules, purged men and their direct descendants down to the third generation were to be barred from taking any part in politics. Still on the purge list: 11,800 Japanese, including 5,000 dead.

Another Japanese admiral turned up in the news last week, and offered more spectacular proof of changing times. Kichisaburo Nomura, Japan's special "peace envoy" in Washington on Pearl Harbor Day, showed up at the U.S. naval base at Yokosuka to attend a ceremony aboard the battleship *Wisconsin*. He came to see his old friend, Vice Admiral Robert P. Briscoe, take over command of the U.S. Seventh Fleet from Vice Admiral Harold M.

Martin. Said Nomura, who is still on the purge list: "I have always admired the American Navy. It was wonderful talking to old friends about old times." He and friends had a chance to talk about new times too. With Japan's peace treaty soon to come into effect, Western military men have been studying Nomura's blueprint for a rearmed Japan: an army of 225,000; an air force of 1,800 planes; a 387,000-ton navy, including four baby flattops.

Japan's bestselling photograph record in 1951, Tokyo reported last week, was the *Warship March* of the old imperial navy—recorded with the brasses muffled and the drums replaced by tambourines and castanets.

CHINA

Merchants & the New Order

Sound trucks twisted through business and mercantile districts in Communist China's biggest cities last week, stopped before shops and blared: "Hey, proprietor! Evidence of all your misdeeds is now in our hands. Confess!" Huge banners flapped over city streets: "Sternly punish corruption culprits." Panicky merchants, traders, bankers, businessmen covered before Red inquisitors, fidgeted in police stations or waited for the police to come. Throughout most of the country, commerce limped toward a standstill.

The uneasy and unreal era of truce between China's merchants and its Communist government was at an end.

One More Enemy. The attack began quietly enough as a campaign against waste in the lower levels of Communist bureaucracy. But gradually it burgeoned into "The Five Anti Campaign"—against bribery, tax evasion, cheating in contracts, stealing of state property and "theft of state economic secrets." The fire of the

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party was shifted from Red bureaucrats to private businessmen.

"We have discovered that our party has been corroded by bourgeois ideology and influence," cried Chinese Politburocrat Kao Kang. "One more enemy remains," declared Yeh Chien-ying, big party boss in South China. "and that is bourgeois class thought." In every city, the Reds turned with a vengeance on the business community. Almost any normal act fell under the Five Anti Campaign definition of crimes—buying lunch for a government official, an increase in prices, normal attempts to get government contracts, the gift of a Parker 51 to a government agent.

The Red capital of Peking took the lead. Mayor Peng Chen held a public trial of half a dozen "corruption culprits" from the business community and had them executed. Shop assistants were encouraged to spy on their employers; special post-office boxes were opened to receive written accusations. In the campaign's early stages, Mayor Peng announced that some 32,000 Peking trading houses were guilty of at least one of the Five Antis, and that 80% of the government's dishonest civil servants had been tempted by "depraved merchants."

200,000 Letters. In Shanghai, which always does things on a big scale, the Communists divided the city into 20 districts, subdivided them into street and trading units and hit business places with waves of special police, revenue agents and information spies. Soon they had 200,000 letters of accusations. By last week, almost every Shanghai businessman was in trouble with the authorities: about 10,000 merchants had been investigated, fined or imprisoned. Fifteen Communist officials were dismissed. La Yu, secretary general of the Shanghai party and once governor of Shantung province, was kicked out and ordered to undergo "profound self-reflection."

After the first few exemplary executions, the Communists apparently were satisfied to wring public "confessions" out of the accused and punish them with huge fines—enough in many cases to drive them out of business. In their propaganda broadcasts, the Chinese Reds insisted that they were not eliminating private capital, just placing it "under control." Daily, scared shopkeepers, traders and bankers crowded into confession meetings. "I have had a proletarian ideology," confessed one Shanghai banker last week. "But I still believe like a capitalist."

Echoes of all this reached free Hong Kong last week in Communist newspapers and broadcasts—boasting of the deeds and was made vivid by Chinese businessmen who managed to escape from the mainland. They told harrowing tales of suicides among businessmen and of anxious families waiting for the return of fathers or husbands, while loudspeakers in the streets betrayed their names as lawbreakers. In trade-conscious Hong Kong where until recently many British and Chinese merchants still thought it possible to do business with the Communists, disillusionment was complete.

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CUBA

Revolution at Dawn

Batista is back. The tough, smiling ex-sergeant, who bossed Cuba through eleven years of "disciplined democracy," this week toppled President Carlos Prio's constitutional regime from power in an almost bloodless army revolution.

Strong Man Fulgencio Batista, at 51 an old campaigner who had overturned half a dozen other presidents in his time, pulled the lanyard at 2:43 a.m. Monday. Aided by younger elements in the army, navy and police force, he achieved complete surprise. With a group of captains and lieutenants he seized control of Camp Columbia, the key army base outside Havana from which he first rose to power 19 years ago. Addressing the troops, he told them he was taking over because the country had lost confidence in the current "ward-heeler government." Batista, who had been a long-shot presidential candidate in the elections scheduled for June, also said: "I had news that President Prio, faced with the defeat of his candidate, was planning a fake revolution for April 15."

Sheets in the Windows. Wearing a pistol with his sport jacket and slacks, the Strong Man took command over a 77-minute revolution. All around the island, members of the plot grabbed control of garrisons, naval bases, radio stations and communication centers. At the palace, Prio had time to issue a communiqué calling on "all Cubans to resist jointly with the President." At one point a car raced, guns firing, toward the palace gate; two guards were killed and seven wounded in an exchange of shots. Shortly afterwards, the gate opened and a limousine bore Prio away. On the dot of 9, armored cars followed by truckloads of infantrymen converged on the palace. White sheets fluttered from upstairs windows. For all practical purposes, the revolt was over.

Plumper and a little greyer, but flashing his oldtime smile, Batista met the press at Camp Columbia, handed out the names of his civilian cabinet, announced that the June 1 elections were off and explained that constitutional guarantees would have to be suspended for a while. "My only intention is to maintain law & order," he said. "I am a friend of the people, not of gangsters."

Tanks in the Streets. Thus ended the "unfettered" democracy that Batista himself had ushered in eight years ago by holding elections so free & fair that the opposition candidate unexpectedly won. Though Batista announced that "free and honest elections will be held as soon as possible," it was at least questionable whether he would make the same mistake twice. He made little or no effort to round up and jail Prio's political pals. In noisy, politically turbulent Havana, all was calm and quiet as the Strong Man's tanks once again brought "disciplined democracy" to the streets.

VENEZUELA

Escape Story

By day attractive Evelyn Trujillo, 28, was a stenographer in the Caracas offices of the Socony-Vacuum Oil Co. After hours she had a more interesting job as an underground courier for *Acción Democrática*, the big left-of-center party that has been outlawed in Venezuela since the ruling military junta seized power three years ago.

Recently the junta's *Seguridad Nacional* (national police), making little progress in its bumbling search for the underground's top leaders, began rounding up some of the small fry. Evelyn, who was on the point of quitting her job to marry



STRONG MAN BATISTA
Another President bit the dust.

an American oilman, came under surveillance. In two months her widowed mother's house was searched twelve times by flying squads (and burglarized twice by thieves obviously untroubled by *Seguridad* patrolling). One day a friend saw a station wagon and a group of small, shabby men with blank expressions and Cuban heels outside Evelyn's house, and spotted them for *Seguridad* detectives.

Warned by telephone, Evelyn fled to the house of *Acción Democrática* friends. After voluble discussions of her plight, they decided to move her to another house. Her new hosts were disarmingly hospitable. They gave parties and introduced the fugitive to their guests. Finally the underground supplied the information Evelyn needed: the *Seguridad* thought that she had information to spill, and would arrest her soon. After another long discussion, it was decided that she should seek asylum in the Chilean embassy.

There, next morning, the fugitive found

white-mustached Ambassador Alberto Serrano Pellé mowing his lawn. When she asked asylum, the ambassador curtly refused. There was a sharp argument. "Thank you," snapped Evelyn. "I won't forget this," Serrano shouted: "I won't forget it either!" Desperate, Evelyn ran out, hailed a taxi and went to the Ecuadorian embassy, which she had previously feared to try because the *Seguridad* had guards on watch outside. Suddenly ordering the driver to stop, she skipped in the side door past three flatfooted *Seguridad* sentinels. Inside, she got a quick "Yes" from the ambassador and a warm welcome from four other undergrounders who had recently availed themselves of the Latin American right of political asylum.

GUATEMALA

The Reds Lose a Round

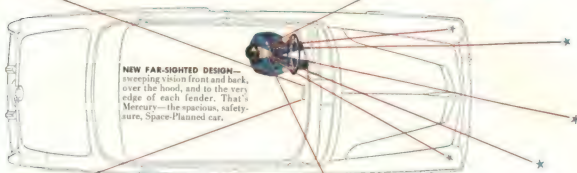
After months of harassment by Guatemala's Communist-led unions and Communist-coddling government, the United Fruit Co. faced a life-or-death showdown. Tiquisate, the company's 26,100-acre Pacific-coast banana plantation, was scheduled to be auctioned off to meet the banana workers' claims for back wages. But a hurried compromise agreement between the company and the workers last week staved off the sale; for the present, Guatemala's biggest employer could stay in business.

Last August the Red-led Guatemalan General Labor Confederation (C.G.T.G.) prodded the plantation workers, already well paid by Guatemalan standards, into demanding big pay boosts. While union and company representatives were wrangling, a hurricane battered the plantation. Determined to invest no more capital to clean up the mess until the labor dispute was settled, the company laid off 4,000 banana workers and let Tiquisate stand idle. Last month, acting on a labor-court ruling that the workers were entitled to their regular wages despite the layoff, the government ordered Tiquisate's seizure and sale.

Less than 24 hours before the sale was to begin, company officials decided to make one last try for an agreement with the union. At that juncture, the union's non-Communist leader, Arcadio Chévez, decided that it was time to buck the Red bosses of the C.G.T.G. A seasoned opportunist who had worked with the Reds on & off, Chévez saw a chance to win the banana workers' gratitude by arranging a settlement. Result: the workers agreed to accept current wage levels for three years in return for a company promise to pay off the \$650,000 back-wages claim.

* An observer of this scene was *Time* Correspondent Phil Payne, who had learned earlier of Evelyn Trujillo's predicament, and decided to cover the story of her search for asylum. The angry ambassador reported the visit of both the fugitive and the reporter to the authorities. Three days later *Seguridad* officials deported Payne for "mixing in internal politics."

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PEOPLE

Visions

New Hampshire's Senator **Charles W. Tobey** (see MEDICINE), who had his first big taste of television as a Kefauver crime-buster, was still going strong on the air waves. Last week, after a stint on television as mystery guest on *What's My Line* and narrator on *Crime Syndicated*, he turned to radio as disk jockey for a recorded program, laced with Tobey sermonettes and hymns, for Washington's WGMS, and as narrator for a youngsters' bedtime program on WGAY in Silver Spring, Md.

In Korea, the 1st Marine Aircraft Wing enjoyed a pleasant change of scenery with the arrival of **Betty Hutton** and her U.S.O. troupe. Wearing a duck-bill cap and a snug winter jacket, Betty joined the boys in the mess hall where a photographer caught a rare shot of her mobile face in repose. Later, she sang and danced for her hamburger supper with the usual Hutton gusto.

In Cleveland, Composer **W. C. (St. Louis Blues) Handy**, 78, deplored the musical evils of social equality. Such organizations as the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, he said, "are taking the blues away from us . . . They are leading the American Negro away from his real heritage into a bog of pretense and insincerity . . . Too many Negroes today are busy singing and talking five or six languages and turning up their noses at the blues."

Revisions

When Mrs. Eleanor Morgan Satterlee, a granddaughter of J. P. Morgan, died of cancer last year at 46, Park Avenue gossips set up a buzz-buzz over her will. She had bequeathed her attorney, well-to-do **Sol Rosenblatt**, 51 (Harvardman, General

Hugh Johnson's right-hand man in NRA, onetime counsel to the Democratic National Committee), the residuary estate of \$200,000. To her favorite psychiatrist, **Dr. Richard ("Darling Dick") Hoffmann**, 64, on whom many of the gossips would have bet, she left only an oil painting. Last week in a Manhattan court, Mrs. Satterlee's sister was trying to break the will on the grounds of undue influence by doctor and lawyer. Also, a witness said, the Morgan granddaughter was incompetent, had never been very bright about money, had trouble telling pennies from quarters. By week's end, the gossips and tabloid readers had something more than wills and bills to chatter about. As Lawyer Rosenblatt entered the flossy Park Avenue building where he lives, a gunman ran up out of the night and fired three shots.



MARLENE DIETRICH
What's left for marriage?

Rosenblatt staggered to the ground, a bullet in his thigh. The mysterious attacker jumped into a waiting car and was driven away into the night by an accomplice. Rosenblatt was recovering in a hospital, under the care of a police guard, but neither he nor the cops nor anyone else seemed to have the slightest idea why he had been shot, or by whom—or what connection, if any, the shooting had to the trial.

Presidential Campaigner **Estes Kefauver** explained to Drake University students in Des Moines how he achieved athletic fame: "I was just a benchmarker on the University of Tennessee football team. When I ran for the state senate I found I was billed as having been a first stringer. When I ran for Congress they said I had been a star of the Southeastern Conference, and when I reached the Senate they jumped me clear up to All American tackle."

After 42 years of public service,



W. C. HANDY
Don't take away the blues.

Frances Perkins, member of the Civil Service Commission and onetime (1933-45) Secretary of Labor, who will reach the mandatory retirement age of 70 next month, heard the news that she could go right on working. President Truman signed a special order exempting her from the retirement regulation.

Between lecture dates in San Francisco, a reporter asked **Rhymester Ogden Nash** to improvise a sample of his wares, was rewarded with:

May I boil in oil
And fry in Crisco
If I ever call San Francisco
'Frisco.'

Ratings

In the British magazine *Opera*, Composer **Benjamin (Peter Grimes) Britten** tackled the problem of critics: "If it is necessary to have critics . . . there should definitely be no regular critics. Criticism must be a sideline. To go through life living off other people's work clearly has too degrading an effect."

Marlene Dietrich, 47, called on her experience as mother and grandmother to expound some views on child guidance to a Chicago reporter: "In Europe [children] are taught life is hard. They don't expect too much. Here they are brought up to feel life is fun, life is wonderful. Life is not. In Europe a girl does not date before she is 16; she doesn't have a date alone even when she is engaged. Here, by the time they get married there's nothing left. It's not the children's fault. It's not the parents' fault. It's the system."

The annual Nobel Peace Prize nominations began arriving in Oslo. Among the 1952 crop: Canada's Prime Minister **Louis St. Laurent**, Medical-Missionary **Albert Schweitzer**, Moral Rearmament's **Frank Buchman**, and Atlantic Union's **Clarence K. Streit**.



BETTY HUTTON
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Headline of the Week

In the *New York Times*:

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The Low-Down

On sale in bookstores, newsstands, and drugstores all over the U.S. last week went a book which its publishers trumpeted as an alltime bestseller. There was a seed of truth in the claim. The first printing of 125,000 had been snapped up by booksellers in advance of publication date. The book, *U.S.A. Confidential* (Crown; \$3.50), was blurbled as the real "low-down" on sex, crime and politics in the U.S. But for

and Washington, landing on bestseller lists with two of the books and picking up at least 14 threats of libel suits, *U.S.A. Confidential* may do even better. It is a city-by-city shotgun blast at the whole country, with special treatment for Chicago ("captive to the mobsters and political thieves"), Los Angeles ("a hokum-happy haven for psychopaths and confidence workers"), Milwaukee ("loaded with dead-falls, joints, clip-dives") and Galveston ("America's liveliest, naughtiest, least-inhibited city"). It is also an outstanding collection of inaccuracies, big & small.

How to Be a Reporter. A San Francisco brothel is described as being at the corner of "Jackson and California" streets, which actually run parallel. Kansas City's Green



AUTHORS LAIT & MORTIMER

"Find a smart cab driver and you're set."

newsmen, politicians and other early readers of the book, it was more sharply described by the *Little Rock Arkansas Gazette*, which called it the most "scurrilous . . . outrageous and libelous collection of garbage we have ever seen in print."

The authors: Jack Lait, aging (69) editor of Hearst's New York *Mirror* and one-time spotlight Chicago reporter, and the *Mirror*'s 47-year-old Nightclub Columnist Lee Mortimer, who had a brief brush with fame when Frank Sinatra knocked him down, supposedly because Mortimer had called him names.

Editor Lait, who has been subbing for Columnist Walter Winchell,* is an old partner-in-letters with Mortimer. In their first three "Confidential" books, they gave a tabloid-eye view of New York, Chicago

Hills, where gambling is "open," has been closed for months. Billie Bennett, billed as one of Los Angeles' leading madams, has been dead for six months. The names of many streets and people are misspelled; some are even nonexistent. One reporter, to whom Lait mailed an autographed copy of the book as a reward for a tip, complained that Lait wrote his name wrong. Chicago's Democratic Boss Jack Arvey was amazed at the charge that he profited from public projects while "County Commissioner," since he has never held the job. Said Arvey: "I can hardly believe it—especially knowing Jack Lait . . . It's pathological lying."

Milwaukee, notable for its clean government, is described as a city where "you can buy a judge for \$200 and an alderman for \$50. Socialists take at standard prices." Milwaukee newsmen pointed out that the mayor is the only Socialist official, and no one has ever questioned his integrity.

Newsmen might find one explanation of the errors in Lait & Mortimer's unusual

* Whose Sunday-night broadcast and *Mirror* column began again this week after Winchell had a "complete rest . . . ordered" by his doctors. The *New York Post* resumed its attack on Winchell (*TIME*, Jan. 21), which had been suspended until he was "in a position to answer back."

method of reporting, as they described it. "We get our information," said Lait, "mostly from people who don't like the people we write about." Mortimer, who did most of the leg work for the book, flitted about the U.S., mostly in one- and two-night stands, talked to some retired officials and sifted through gossip and tips. Explained Mortimer: "Find a smart cab driver and you're set." But the best sources for leads in any city, says Lait, "are bell captains. With them you don't need to use any finesse. Just hand them a \$20 bill."

Suits. After one look at the result of such reporting methods, the *Dallas Times-Herald* fired off a wire to Hearst's King Features Syndicate: "We have been accepting Jack Lait's column as a substitute for Winchell, and we do not want it ever again. We do not countenance inaccurate, slipshod, muckraking reporting." The *Arkansas Gazette* and the *Nashville Tennessean* followed suit. Dallas' elegant Neiman-Marcus store notified Lait, Mortimer and publishers that it will file a libel suit on behalf of its "1,300 decent, loyal" employees, who were sweepingly maligned.

In Massachusetts, where Boss Daniel I. Murphy of the "venal" state police is described as a stooge of the governor, Paul A. Dever, state troopers marched into bookstores, threatened libel action against anyone who sold the "foul, libelous and obscene" book. The book was withdrawn by many stores. In Seattle, "a regimented and restricted town owned by the multi-millionaire mikado of the A.F.L. Teamsters, 58-year-old Dave Beck," the powerful union boss warned every bookseller in the state that he would be subject to libel action if he dared distribute the book. Tulsa is described as a "practically lawless" city where "nothing goes . . . unless Sheriff George Blaine says so." Blaine, state Bible secretary of the Gideons society, prepared to file libel suit. Said Milwaukee's Mayor Frank P. Zeidler: "In addition to being obscene and untrue, this book reeks of race hatred, concentrating on the Negro, Italian and Jew."

As the uproar increased, many booksellers said they had changed their minds about pushing the book. Some of them took what copies they had off the shelves and put them under the counter. One of Chicago's biggest booksellers, Joseph W. Faulkner, sliced his order in half, refused to mail out ads for the book. Said he: "It's vicious, nasty and hypocritical. . . . We've got to supply the demand, but we'll not recommend the book or circularize it."

The Price of Courage

When Perón closed down Buenos Aires' *La Prensa* a year ago, Editor Alberto Gainza Paz fled the country. But 75 other *La Prensa* newsmen who refused to work for the Peronista successor to the paper were not so fortunate; they had to stay in Argentina. By last week, on the anniversary of the paper's death, Perón's systematic campaign to blacklist and starve out the staffers had become a ruthless object lesson to other newsmen.

Three of *La Prensa's* newsmen quickly found jobs in the classified ad depart-

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ment of another paper. They were fired as soon as their names turned up on the government blacklist. Others who tried to work in department stores, tourist and export agencies met the same fate. One top editor is now a door-to-door washing machine salesman. Others give private language lessons, work in hardware stores or small shops under assumed names. Not one has a newspaper job.

There are also signs that Perón is forcing *La Nación*, once an independent, anti-Perón daily, to conform to his line. When *La Prensa* was closed, *La Nación's* Editorial Writer Alfonso de Laferrère wrote in *La Nación*: "A great voice has been silenced, but its echo will continue to vibrate..." The Peronistas soon went to work—as they had on *La Prensa*—totting up a trumped-up "customs bill" of 17 million pesos that the paper was supposed to owe the government. If *La Nación* steps out of line, it can be expropriated by the government, which could assess the paper's value at the amount of the bill due, thus take it over without paying a cent. But *La Nación* has been careful not to step too far out of line. Recently, when the paper agreed to a Peronista "suggestion" that it run an editorial favorable to the Peronistas, Laferrère, the most respected editorial writer in Argentina, resigned. Said he: "No newspaper can surrender only a part of its liberty."

..... mongers!

Several West German Communist papers, warned by the North Rhine-Westphalia press commission to curb their tongues or risk suspension, were trying out a bowdlerized brand of Newspeak this week. In place of standard party-line invective against the Bonn government and the Western Powers, editors were substituting strategically located five-dot blanks. Sample from Düsseldorf's *Freies Volk*: "The Prague District Organization of the Communist Party of Czechoslovakia unanimously condemns the disgraceful action on the part of the representatives of the Bonn Government which stands in the service of Truman's and is trying to plunge the people of West Germany into a new"

Good Neighbor Policy

When Editor Edward Frederick Kramer, 77, broke his arm in a fall on the ice last week, he feared he would miss publishing his weekly Oregon (Wis.) *Observer* (circ. 775) for the first time since he bought the paper in 1910. But in neighboring Madison, Publisher Don Anderson of the daily *Wisconsin State Journal* (circ. 75,653), read about the mishap to the *Observer's* one-man (and wife) staff. He rounded up three of his reporters, an advertising man and linotypist, drove ten miles to Oregon and put together an eight-page issue. Will Sumner Jr., editor of another weekly, the *Evansville Review*, was recruited to feed the 75-year-old flailing press. The *Observer* came out last week—only one day late. Said Kramer: "This beats anything I've seen in 63 years in the newspaper business."

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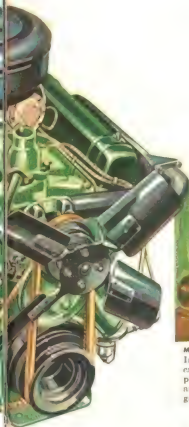
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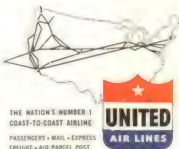
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Basic one-way fares on United have gone up only about 4½% since 1941—much less than first-class surface fares! Here are some examples of how they now compare!

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SCIENCE

Too Many Coaches?

Like zealous alumni rooting for the old school's football team, graduates of the AEC keep a watchful eye on their onetime associates. Last week Kenneth S. Pitzer, former director of the AEC's Division of Research, told the Southern California section of the American Chemical Society that there was too much ball handling in the AEC backfield—and too many fumbles. The team itself is O.K., said Pitzer, now dean of the University of California's College of Chemistry, "but its performance could be improved by some changes in the coaching staff. Also, some of the rules under which it plays seem to slow up the game unnecessarily."

The coaches Pitzer objects to are the "multitude of part-time advisory groups and boards," the numerous sources of "high-level negative decision" whose concern with "ridiculously remote risks" forces the commission into an atmosphere of time-consuming caution. These kibitzers, says Pitzer, are supposed "to shield the commission itself from criticism if some project should fail." But what is needed, he insists, is a bolder view than that.

Most influential of the coaches Pitzer objects to: some of the members of the General Advisory Committee. "We have a right to expect something special in this vital area [but they] seem to have remarkably little enthusiasm for the primary goals of the Atomic Energy Program. Their recommendations on military projects are, of course, secret . . . Concerning useful power, some have spoken publicly. Dr. James B. Conant has stated that he has little hope for useful atomic power . . . Certain other members of the committee have expressed similar opinions . . . More constructive advice should be obtainable from men with faith and enthusiasm in the job to be done."

The Friendly Bat

Naturalist Leonard Dubkin, who once wrote a nature column for the *Chicago Tribune*, is probably the only man who ever lost his heart to an albino bat. This esoteric affair, which took place in Chicago, is described in Dubkin's new book, *The White Lady* (Putnam; \$3).

While hunting butterflies one afternoon, Dubkin explored a dense clump of trees near an outlying factory. One tree was so loaded with vines that it looked like a green igloo. He climbed to the top and fell through with a crash. The mound was hollow and dark inside, and full of squeaking bats. A great peace of soul descended over Dubkin; he had found a tribe of gay little trouble, and he had also found a much-needed refuge from his widowed, too-possessive mother.

Three days later (it took time to soothe his mother), Dubkin spent the night in his "erotic." He arrived just before dark. The grown bats were already hanging in swarms, but the young ones were at home, hanging like

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furry grapes on the roof or taxiing on the musky-smelling floor. Lulled by their squeaks, he slept.

Better than Birds. When he awoke at dawn, the grotto was loud with big & little squeaks, the air thick with circling bats. The mother bats had returned, full of insects and milk. Some hung themselves up by their heels and squeaked for their youngsters to come. Some picked the little ones off the ceiling or scooped them off the floor.

All during summer and early fall, Dubkin visited the grotto, sometimes as often as three times a week. He watched the young bats at their games (they were as playful as kittens); he watched them learn to fly. Bats fly much better than birds, says Dubkin, and the young ones need no teaching. After a few trial flaps,



CHIROPTEROPHILE DUBKIN
 Mother objected to his overnight quest.

they drop themselves into the air and perform from the first attempt with full adult virtuosity.

Mating Night. Early in September, when all the young bats were airyworthy, the population of the grotto doubled to more than 650. The newcomers were males. Dubkin sensed procreation, but nothing happened for a while. Then one day (night, that is, for the bats) he noted a "nervous tension." The air was full of pairs of bats zigzagging round the tree trunk. After three days of pursuit and flight, the bats reached their understandings. They hung in pairs, by their feet, caressing each other with wings and tongues, then retired into the greenery. Dubkin had discovered from researches in the public library that actual fertilization would not be accomplished until spring, after the bats' hibernation.

In October the bats all vanished, to the delight of Dubkin's mother, who often remarked that "my darling son is going to the bats." When they returned in May, Dubkin was on hand to greet them. All



Smith County Hospital, Tyler, Texas.
Shirley Simons, architect, Dallas, Texas.



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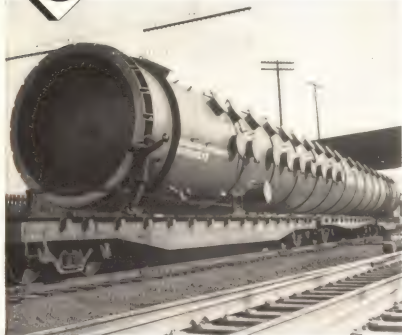
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TIME, MARCH 17, 1952



...Mark of **PROGRESS** in Railroading



How we handle Mr. Big

That's a steel tower for a petroleum refinery, standing 10 stories high when erected, and so big that it rode on 3 flat cars! It hit the scales at 197,000 lbs. Railroad men call this an oversize shipment—one that takes plenty of planning along the route!

The Erie is famous for having the highest and widest railroad clearances in the east. That's one of the reasons why so many oversize shipments are routed over the Erie. Backing the high and wide clearances is Erie's famed heavy-duty roadbed which handles heavy loads with safety to spare.

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were females and nearly all were gravid. Soon many of them had half-inch babies clinging to their fur.

White Baby. One day he saw a bat hanging from the vines by her wings (upside down for a bat). Gritting her teeth as if in pain, she bent her lower body, making a sort of hammock out of her tail membrane. Soon tiny white feet appeared; then a small white body and crumpled white wings. The young bat dropped into the hammock. When it gave a faint squeak, its mother picked it up with her teeth and attached it to the fur near one of her breasts. She turned herself upside down (right side up for a bat) and folded a wing around her offspring.

The newborn bat was a female albino. Dubkin had often regretted that he could not tell the bats apart. Now he watched the birth of one that could not be mistaken for another. He named her "The White Lady" and resolved to watch her through her entire life cycle.

At first the White Lady rode through the night clinging to her mother's fur. After five days of this she stayed behind in the grotto. Dubkin often picked her off the roof, and soon she lost fear of him. Sometimes he took her home at night in spite of his mother's protests, and returned her to the grotto just in time for her breakfast. When the White Lady learned to fly, Dubkin watched her lovingly. He caught insects and held them up; she dropped down from the dark sky and picked them out of his hand.

Through the Fan. Now when he wanted to take her home he had to catch her in the grotto with a butterfly net. She did not seem to resent this treatment. She flew all around his house while his mother stayed locked in her own room. One night the White Lady flew through the blades of a humming electric fan. She performed the trick over & over, to demonstrate her control, but when Dubkin ran the fan at full speed (1,200 r.p.m.), she could sense that the blades were moving too fast and would not try to fly through them.

At this point Dubkin's mother gave up, packed her things and fled to California for a long visit with relatives, leaving her son alone with his White Lady. To test the bat's homing ability, Chiropterophile Dubkin took her on long drives. She flew home from Milwaukee (90 miles) faster than he could drive. When the male bats arrived in September, he realized it was time for the White Lady to carry on with her own life, so he put her back in the grotto to find her mate.

In October the White Lady flew away with the rest of the bats. Dubkin, motherless and hatless, took up with a young human female. Since his girl was no fonder of bats than his mother was, he dreaded the coming of spring, when he might have to choose between her and the White Lady.

The problem was solved by bulldozers. In May, just before the date set for his marriage, Dubkin slipped off to take another look. The grotto had been destroyed to make way for a housing project. He was married on schedule, and never saw the White Lady again.



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RELIGION

Toleration in Seville

The U.S. has been urging Franco Spain to show greater religious tolerance to its 10,000 Protestants. Pedro Cardinal Segura y Sáenz, Archbishop of Seville, a man of monolithic opinions who dislikes Franco, the U.S. and Protestantism, told his countrymen this week that toleration would never do. Wrote Cardinal Segura in a pastoral letter:

"Ever since 1945, when the Spanish government authorized the opening of certain Protestant churches in this country, Protestant propaganda has considerably increased, and it has been tolerated to a far greater extent than is permissible



Cardinal Segura
Protestants take warning.

in keeping with the . . . spirit of the charter of the Spanish people."

Cardinal Segura complained that a campaign of "benevolence" toward Protestantism had begun with expressions of sympathy for Protestant Britain when King George VI died, and that lately the campaign has increased "in an extraordinarily grave manner." Some people in Spain, he feared, have come to believe "that all religions are equally acceptable in the presence of God."

The cardinal took a swing at Baptist Harry Truman for his recent press conference remark that he is not very fond of the present government of Spain. It showed, said Cardinal Segura, a "dislike of the Spanish people." But he seemed even more concerned about Spain's own regime: "The spirit of Catholics is worried over fear that, under the pretext of politics, concessions gravely prejudicial to religion may be made."

In Cardinal Segura's own Seville last week, a group of young Roman Catholics

anticipated the cardinal's remarks with a more direct protest against toleration. A gang of well-dressed young men burst into the tiny, secluded Protestant chapel of St. Basil, struck Pastor Santos Martin Molin in the face, poured gasoline over the altar and tried to set the church afire. Said a Spanish government spokesman: "A negligible, isolated incident." In Madrid, a Protestant pastor brandished a pamphlet published by a Catholic organization, in which Protestants were denounced as "libertines, women of easy virtue and traitors to their country." "This sort of propaganda," he said, "is bound to fire hotheads."

Caed Mile Failte

Four hundred Irishmen trooped into the ballroom of a Manhattan hotel last week for the annual dinner of the Dublin Society of New York. As guest of honor they had a clergyman with them, a learned fellow Dubliner who came to the U.S. just three years ago. Declaimed Toastmaster Terry Long: "This man of God is a native of Dublin, a fluent Gaelic speaker and an authority on Irish folklore. In these days of stress, when we see men turning against their fellow man because of race or color, it is heartening to see among us a man of a race that is one of the oldest and most cultured in the world." The guest: Rabbi Theodore Lewis, spiritual director of 189-year-old Congregation Jesh-uath Israel in Newport, R.I. Rabbi Lewis, wearing his black skullcap and a dazzling green tie, stood up to acknowledge the cheering "Caed Mile Failte" (100,000 Welcomes) of his fellow Irishmen.

Rigged Suicide?

On the morning of Feb. 9, 1951, one of the best-known missionaries in China was found dead in his prison cell at Wuchow. He was Dr. William L. Wallace, 43, a Southern Baptist medical missionary. His Communist jailers, who had imprisoned him on trumped-up "spy" charges, called it suicide. When Father Mark Tennen, a Roman Catholic Maryknoll missionary and a longtime friend of Dr. Wallace's, got out of China last November, newspaper stories from Hong Kong quoted him as confirming this version of Wallace's death (TIME, Dec. 31).

In Manhattan last week, Father Tennen straightened out the record. It was true, he said, that Dr. Wallace, driven out of his mind by the Reds' unending and unbelievably thorough "interrogation" sessions, might have committed suicide. The day he died, two other Catholic missionaries, imprisoned at the same place, were shown his body, hanging from the roof of his cell. Strangely, however, there was no discoloration of the face or other signs of suffocation by strangling. His body, on the other hand, was covered with bruises from beatings. Only the Communists, says Father Tennen, know how he died, whether beaten to death by his jailers or driven by his tortures to suicide.

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assistant curate can count on about 16 a week (\$16.80).

Last week Bishop Barry, who has led the Church of England's official recruiting campaign, arrived in the U.S. for a visit. His purposes: 1) to conduct a three-month preaching tour; 2) to see if his church's sister communion, the Protestant Episcopal Church of the U.S., which has a clergy shortage of its own, has any hints to offer on how to attract worthy candidates to the Christian ministry.

The Business of the Church

To help "make the Christian Gospel more effective in society," U.S. Congregationalists in 1934 created a Council for Social Action. Council members, drawn from the ranks of church liberals, thereupon set out to sell fellow Congregationalists and all other Americans on some forward-looking ideas. During the '30s, the council gave its blessing to the consumer cooperative movement, demanded a national referendum before a declaration of war, attacked student military training and conducted critical studies of the private-enterprise system.

Since World War II, the council has lobbied in Washington for compulsory health insurance, federal aid to education, Point Four and FEPC. Council members concede that they do not speak officially for the church membership (1,204,789), but Congressmen often miss this fine distinction.

Many Congregationalists, especially those who do not share the council's views on politics and economics, object to its active lobbying. Some churches have specified that their contributions to central Congregational boards shall not be used to support the council (which gets about \$90,000 a year of church funds).

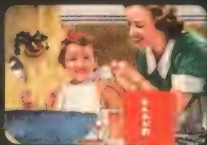
Last week in Minneapolis, 16 prominent Congregationalist laymen (including Congressman Walter H. Judd, Scientist Robert A. Millikan) formed a committee to "oppose Congregational political action." The council, charged Committeeman Frank A. Bean, a Minneapolis executive, "violates the principles of Congregationalism and the concepts of the Constitution of the United States. We believe its approach to social, economic and political problems is basically materialistic and immoral."

Answered the council's chairman, Dean Liston Pope of the Yale Divinity School: "The council is vigorously anti-Communist and anti-Marxist." This seemed true, though the council's outlook has run considerably leftward of the average Congregationalist. But it was only a glancing rebuttal. What roused the laymen's committee most was the fear that the Council for Social Action is subjecting Congregationalists to a centralized program of policymaking that contradicts the historic individualism of their church.

"We do not believe it is the business of the church to tell the state what to do," said Congressman Judd. "It is the business of the church to discover what is righteous, what is the will of God, and inculcate those ideas in the individual."

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It loads and shoots as easily as that "box Brownie" you grew up with... gets crisp, clear movies with true Brownie ease. Film costs are low, too. You can make the movie you see here... in seven full-length movie scenes in full color... for under a dollar, complete!

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Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester 4, N. Y.

Brownie Movie Camera, Sum. (left) with f 2.7 lens, \$13.50.
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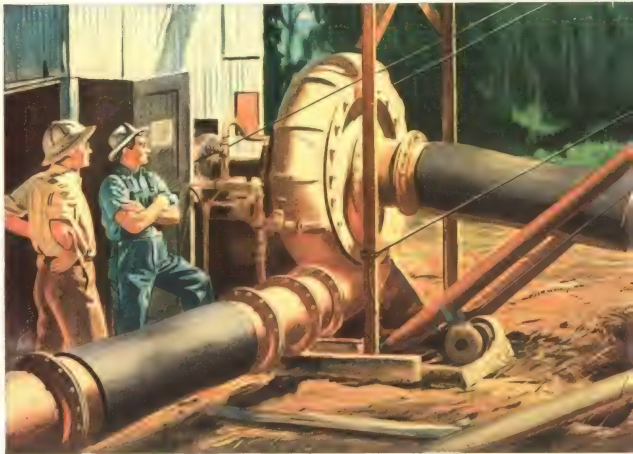
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Strategically important is the recent discovery of a hitherto untapped source of fissionable material. Mineralogists have found uranium in the huge beds of phosphate-bearing rock in Florida—leading to new interest and increased production in this already important mineral deposit.

Extracting the phosphate from these beds is done in many cases by washing down the overburden of clay and dirt with huge hydraulic monitors—monster nozzles that propel a high-pressure jet of water. The resulting flood of clay and

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The Budd Co., Philadelphia, Detroit, Gary.

Budd

PIONEERS IN BETTER TRANSPORTATION

SPORT

Where Father Left Off

The hottest golfer in this winter's tournament circuit is also the nation's most promising young pro. Jack Burke, a stockily handsome Texan and a golfer for 22 of his 29 years, had won, up to last week, the last three Professional Golf Association contests—the Texas, Houston and Baton Rouge Opens—with his combined scores a dazzling 44 under par. His winnings (\$6,720) were tops for 1952.

His name fills oldtimers with nostalgia: Jack Burke Sr. was a pro who came close to glory by tying for second money in the 1920 U.S. Open. Better known as a Texas golf teacher, Burke Sr. died in 1942, failed to see his own son crowd Pro Jimmy Demaret for the honor of being old Jack Burke's most illustrious pupil. Young Jack literally carried on where the elder Burke left off. He qualified for the U.S. Open in 1939—and his father failed to do so for the first time in 25 years.

Quitting Rice Institute to turn pro in 1941, Jack was soon converted into a U.S. Marine judo instructor, spent four years at U.S. camps dreaming of green fairways. In 1948, back to golf, he became head pro at the Metropolis Country Club in White Plains, N.Y. Jack Burke can teach the game as well as he plays it; his trademarks are long giant-arc hitting, delicately accurate iron shots. A confirmed bachelor, he sees "no chance of my getting married. I've got to stay out of that trap until I get some golfing done."

To get some more done, Jack dropped in last week at the St. Petersburg (Fla.) Open and led off in a drizzling rain by firing a scorching 66. But his rivals at the palmetto-fringed Lakewood Country Club course (par: 72) were determined not to let Jack make it four tournaments in a



Maurice Miller

JACK BURKE
His timing was perfect.



row: the 66 only brought him a four-way tie for low first-round honors. Then, while the others slipped up toward par, Jack stayed down in birdie country. By the last day, though firemen had to put out a small brush fire on the course, Jack was white-hot. He carded another 66, smashed the tournament record with his 72-hole score of 266, eight strokes better than the total of Runner-Up Al Besselinck. Pocketing the \$2,000 prize for his 22-under-par romp, Burke cocked a calculating eye at next month's prestige-heavy Masters tournament in Augusta, Ga. Said he: "I have hopes of holding my own."

Lady with a Cue

Let us to billiards: come, Charmian.

—Antony & Cleopatra (II, 5)

The game of billiards is older than Shakespeare—perhaps older, even than Cleopatra. If Egypt's Queen (69-30 B.C.) indeed wielded a knowing cue, the world had to wait 20 centuries for another woman to challenge the male's domination of the sport. Last week, in a velvet-lined, gold-chandeliered billiard club on San Francisco's Market Street, a woman was doing just that.

Japan's Masako Katsura, 38, is the first woman ever to try for the world three-cushion billiard title. Masako is cue-tall (5 ft.) and light as chalk (96 lbs.). But her skill can make three ivory billiard balls do nearly everything but rattle *Banzai!* She will need all her wizardry for the next fortnight to beat out her nine top-flight male opponents. The favored defending champion, 64-year-old Willie Hoppe, who was a billiard prodigy at seven, is still the greatest player of them all; he still practices five hours a day to keep the form that has topped the heap perennially since 1906 (when Willie won his first world billiard title). Dark Horse Katsura will also contend with such ranking precisionists as Mexican Champion Joe Chamaco, New York's hulking Art Rubin and Los Angeles' Joe Procita.

Astronomical Run. Billiards' elite have kept themselves exclusive by devising tougher games every time too many players mastered the sport's simpler forms. In

elementary straight-rail billiards, the cue ball must merely hit the two object balls (a rule that experts exploit by "position play," i.e., keeping the balls clicking around in monotonous little triangles). In balkline billiards, the next step up, the table is marked off in areas from which, for a player to go on scoring, at least one object ball must be driven within one or two shots.

The spectacular three-cushion game is the toughest: the cue ball, to score a point, must touch the cushions at least three times before hitting the second object ball. This is so difficult that the record run (points scored in a row), a mere 25 reeled off by Hoppe in 1928,* is regarded by cue connoisseurs as astronomical.

Two years after Hoppe's feat, Masako Katsura, who grew up in a suburban Tokyo billiard parlor run by her brother-in-

* Hoppe's own record at balkline: a run of 632. At straight-rail billiards, he could go on until exhausted.



Bob Lockenbach—Col. Pictures

MASAKO KATSURA
Her youth was well-spent.



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law, won the Japanese women's straight-rail championship. Then 16, she soon caught the eye of Kinrey Matsuyama, the Japanese Hoppe, who was runner-up, on his last U.S. visit in 1936, for the three-cushion title. Contrary to the slanderous old saw, Masako's proficiency at billiards seemed to Matsuyama a sign of anything but a misspent youth. Coached by him to perfection in the basic and fancy three-cushion shots (*see cut*), Masako fearlessly forged on into a man's world. She became a lionized exhibition player, put on one-woman shows for homeland Japanese troops in World War II, switched to entertaining U.S. servicemen soon after V-J day.

Green Felt World. When tidings of the female wonder reached six-time Three-Cushion Champion Welker Cochran in the U.S., he skeptically queried his old opponent, Matsuyama. The reply was enough for Cochran: "Sometimes I beat her; sometimes she beats me." Cochran, director of the championship tournament, had to see this.

With her husband (since 1950), U.S. Air Force Master Sergeant Vernon Greenleaf,* 44, himself a middling pocket billiard player, Masako arrived in San Francisco last December. After Cochran saw her effortless power and astonishing ambidexterity, he said respectfully: "She's a pistol!" Masako joined her old coach Matsuyama on the tournament roster.

As Masako well knows, no game is tamer than solemn tournament billiards: cold-blooded concentration and steady nerves are demanded. Masako Katsura has learned to isolate herself on the borders of the little 5-by-10-ft. world of green felt. Says she: "I am alone at the table."

Playing her opening match last week against seven-time Pocket Billiard Champion Irving Crane, Masako suffered from big-time jitters. Her spectacular shots touched off polite patters of applause, but more often she "sold the farm," i.e., left setups for Crane, or flubbed "minnies," i.e., easy shots. In 57 innings, she lost respectably, 50 to 42. His agony over, Sergeant Greenleaf rushed from the stands, bussed his wife. For the first time that evening Masako flashed her gold-toothed smile: "Next time, hokay, eh?" Masako looked very "hokay" to Old Master Hoppe. Said he: "She just needs a little championship experience over here. She's got everything else."

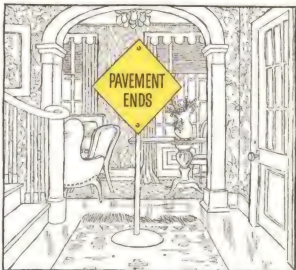
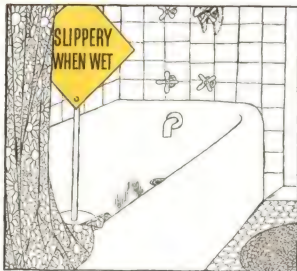
Who Won

¶ Marjorie ("the Lithgow Flash") Jackson, the 100-yd. dash in the New South Wales track meet, in 10.4 sec., to break her own world record by 0.3 sec.; in Sydney, Australia.

¶ Intent, disqualified from victory in last fortnight's Santa Anita Handicap, pounding up from last spot to take, by three lengths, the \$56,300 San Juan Capistrano Handicap; at Arcadia, Calif.

© No kin to 13-time Pocket Billiard Champion Ralph Greenleaf.

† Genteel name for pool.



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SKETCH FOR RIVERA'S "THE NIGHTMARE OF WAR AND THE DREAM OF PEACE"
Too much for Paris.

© Juan Guzman

Diego Stays Home

In Mexico City last week Diego Rivera, longtime Communist sympathizer, was brushing in the finishing strokes on a new mural. Its title: *The Nightmare of War and the Dream of Peace*. Rivera called it "the best thing I have ever done"; it was, at any rate, one of the most violent.

In the center panel, the mushroom cloud of an atomic-bomb explosion rose over scenes of destruction, flint-faced firing squads in U.S. uniforms, crucified and gibbeted North Koreans. At the left stood a benign Stalin, filially flanked by a boyish Mao Tse-tung, who held out the Red dove of peace to three glum cartoon villains—a gun-toting, Bible-clutching Uncle Sam, a fist-clenching John Bull, and a somewhat hung-over Marianne.

Rivera's latest work, with its unctuous Uncle Joe, brought back memories of the famous mural he painted for Manhattan's Rockefeller Center in 1933. Diego entered the Communist martyrology when the Rockefeller management paid him for the mural but destroyed it because it glorified Lenin and Communism. Last week Rivera was making martyr sounds again: the Mexican government had commissioned his latest mural (on movable panels) as part of a big exhibit of Mexican art to be shown in Paris this May. After a good, hard look at *The Nightmare of War and the Dream of Peace*, the government announced that it would exhibit the picture in Mexico, but would not send it to Paris. Ruled Carlos Chávez, director of government-sponsored fine-arts projects: "It contains grave political charges against various foreign nations."

"Censorship," cried Rivera. He threatened not to let any of his easel paintings go to Paris either.

ART

Who & Who?

"I have always been anxious," said Pierre Auguste Renoir, "to paint women as beautiful fruits." One of his favorites was Gabrielle, his son "Coco's" rosy-cheeked nurse. Over the years, gallery-goers have seen scores of Gabrielles. Last week the California Palace of the Legion of Honor in San Francisco proudly put on display one it was sure the public had never seen.

The painting had reached the U.S. in the typical roundabout of forgotten masterpieces: after a journey that began in 1909 when Renoir's own dealer, Ambroise Vollard, sold it to a collector from Germany. The picture dropped out of sight, remained in private hands until last year.

The legion had reason to be proud of its acquisition, for the experts seemed agreed that it was certainly one of Renoir's best. As delicate as a watercolor, it showed a buxom girl watching a bare-bottomed little boy as he petted his cat. Renoir never titled it, but Vollard had supplied a painstakingly descriptive one: *Woman Guiding a Child's First Steps Toward a Chair on Which There Is a Kitten*. The legion, with the blessings of the experts, called it simply *Coco and Gabrielle*.

At week's end the legion and the experts suffered a mild shock. Gabrielle, now in her 70s and living near Los Angeles, announced that she was definitely not the girl in the picture. As for the little boy, it couldn't be Coco because he was never that plump. Gabrielle even wondered whether the painting might be a forgery. "Even the Louvre," said she, "can sometimes be fooled by clever people."

The experts quickly dismissed the idea of forgery: Vollard's records amply proved that the work was Renoir's. But who were the girl and the bare-bottomed boy? That, conceded the experts, might have to remain an unanswered question. And San Francisco might have to be satisfied with *Woman Guiding a Child's First Steps*, etc.

Kiki's Memoirs

Cornelius van Dongen was one of the original *fauves* (wild beasts) of modern art. Today he is one of the tamest pets of Paris. At 75, he is a dapper and well-to-do gentleman who sports a Shavian beard and has a well-appointed studio on the fashionable Rue de Courcelles. Over the past 30 years he has become the most successful portrait painter in France. His models: just about everyone from Maurice Chevalier to Queen Marie of Rumania.

The son of a Rotterdam brewery



Mildred Anna Williams Collection

SAN FRANCISCO'S RENOIR
Too plump for Coco.



JEAN LURÇAT'S TAPESTRY: "TRUMPETING COCK" (1947)

WOVEN PICTURES

The loom is almost as old as history, and some of the greatest works of art are tapestries. Last week 2,000 years of tapestry weaving were on display at Baltimore's Museum of Art. The show, staged in collaboration with Hartford's Wadsworth Atheneum, was vast and various; it included examples from around the world, for the loom belongs to every race.

Among the most entertaining items was a 17th century Norwegian tapestry based on one of Christ's parables, with the legend in old Scandinavian script: "Five virgins were wise and five were foolish." The section reproduced here shows the five foolish ones, who forgot to oil their lamps but did not forget their hankies. Another standout was *Cog Funfare* (Trumpeting Cock), designed by Frenchman Jean Lurçat, who has done as much as any artist to show that modern tapestries can rival those of past ages in color and elegance of design.



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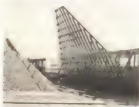
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worker, Van Dongen hardly expected to become a pet of the upper classes; art was more serious than that. At twelve, he sold his first picture to a butcher ("It was the portrait of a cow"), and at 20 set out for Paris. There he shared a shed with young Pablo Picasso, who was peddling his own pictures for 5 francs apiece. "We shared our models and we shared our mistresses," says Van Dongen. "For almost ten years, we got along fine."

After World War I, Van Dongen said goodbye to the old life. Instead of the acrobats and gypsy girls and black-stockinged nudes that had preoccupied him, he turned more & more to painting celebrities. The Aga Khan sat for him ("best model I ever had . . . nice and patient"); so did the vivacious Comtesse Anne-Elisabeth de Noailles, who "gesticulated so much that one of her breasts slipped out



Pat English

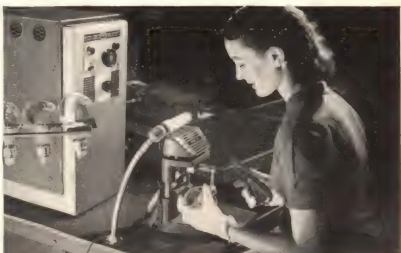
PAINTER VAN DONGEN

The women slimmer, the jewels fatter.

of her blouse, so I painted her that way." In time the great and near-great began calling him Kiki, and whenever he gave a party, they flocked to it dressed to the teeth. Kiki himself liked to receive them in a sweater, and he served them nothing but sandwiches and plain water. His formula for giving a party—"Why go to the expense of serving them champagne, when they'll come anyway?"—was as cynical as his formula for success: "I paint the women slimmer than they are and their jewels fatter."

But for all his success, Painter van Dongen never really forgot his Fauvist days, and last week, in a new show in Paris, he proved it. There, instead of society's faces and figures, were dazzling beaches, race tracks and fields, painted in brilliant yellows, blues and reds that seemed as bright as sunlight itself.

"Some people," says Van Dongen, "write their memoirs. I am painting them." To Paris critics, Kiki's memoirs were as fresh and bold as anything he ever did.



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*Reader's Digest
January, 1950



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MEDICINE

Rest? Guess Again

The young mother has her baby, and snuggles down in her hospital bed for a few days of rest. What does she get? Most often a lot of unnecessary fizzle, a top-flight gynecologist told the Chicago Medical Society last week. Fumed the University of Michigan's Dr. Norman F. Miller:

"At some absurd hour in the early morning, she is awakened. The technique used for this cruel intrusion will vary. It may be a thermometer inserted in her mouth, a pitcher of ice water placed on her table, or orders to get washed and readied for a breakfast which commonly arrives an hour or two later. Any attempt to snatch a brief rest during the remainder of the day is likely to end in disappointment due to the parade of the VIPs, who so space their visits that there is never an idle moment: the baby, the nurse, the nurse's aid, the room duster, the toilet polisher, the floor mopper and the doctor.

"I do not mean to be facetious . . . I sincerely believe this has come to be one of the most serious bugaboos of hospital life . . . Frequently it marks the beginning of the well-recognized emotional tension and fatigue syndrome observed in new mothers."

Dr. Miller fears that the patient's welfare is being sacrificed to the false gods of streamlining and standardization. Hospitals, he thinks, should ask themselves a few searching questions, e.g., "Are bedpans and ice water distributed early in the morning because the patients need them, or because they are the night crew's responsibility? Is the early-morning temperature taken because it helps the patient, or merely because it is required for an acceptable hospital record?"

A Whiff of Phage

At all hours of the day, seven days a week, the two-story colonial house on High Street in West Medford, six miles north of Boston, is full of bustle. Patients with almost every disease in the book, from sinus trouble to tuberculosis and cancer, crowd the wooden benches in the waiting room. Every now & then, one goes through a side door to see Dr. Robert Edward Lincoln, 52, who asks about their complaints. Dr. Lincoln is most interested in whether they have had gripe or flu during certain epidemic seasons. Whatever ails them, he is pretty sure that he has the right treatment.

Beyond the waiting room is the treatment room. Syringes filled with an amber fluid lie on a counter. Along one wall are chairs for four patients, and behind them are tanks of compressed air. The treatment: the patient sits in a chair and an attendant fits respirator tubes in his nostrils. After a flick of a valve, the patient inhales a mixture of air and Dr. Lincoln's bacteriophage* in one of its two varieties, Alpha or Beta. Patients who cannot walk indoors for treatment can get curb service in their cars.

"Smash 'Em!" Last week the Massachusetts Medical Society asked Dr. Lincoln to resign from its membership. After months of painstaking inquiry, a committee of the society had found him guilty of unethical conduct. It had uncovered no

* From the Greek for "germ eater." Bacteriophages are tiny particles, believed to be viruses, which live happily with some bacteria but destroy others. The theory behind attempts to use them in medicine is like the theory of antibiotics, but most phages are too choosy about the bacteria they will feed upon. Medical researchers have found very limited uses for them.



James F. Cowie

DR. LINCOLN & PATIENTS
For those who can't walk, curb service.

evidence that the bacteriophage treatment caused direct harm to the patients, though committee members worried that it might. But the committee held that it is wrong for Dr. Lincoln to use a single, unproved treatment for all manner of diseases when his patients might be cured or relieved by tried & true methods.

The outcry was loud and prompt. Like many a medical evangelist, Dr. Lincoln has a handful of devoted disciples. Among them: New Hampshire's Senator Charles W. Tobey. "Smash 'em right in the eyes!" howled Tobey when he heard what the medical society had done. "Lick 'em like a custard! They're crucifying a wonderful man—a genius." By no coincidence, Tobey is one of Lincoln's patients; he insists on getting the bacteriophage treatment three or four times a week in the office of Capitol Physician George Calver. He says that it has considerably reduced his high blood pressure.

Another Lincoln patient is Tobey's daughter, Mrs. Louise Dean, who was treated for multiple sclerosis. Still another is Charles W. Tobey Jr., 41, who had an operation and X-ray treatment for cancer of lymph tissues before he tried Lincoln's tame viruses. Now he gives much or most of the credit for his improvement to the Lincoln treatment.

Alpha to Beta. Dr. Lincoln, a graduate of Boston University School of Medicine in 1926, had an ordinary general practice in Medford until 1946, when he cultured some staphylococcus germs from a patient's nose. He noticed that the culture was being eaten away, so he sent it to a friend at Boston University, who told him that he had a bacteriophage in the test tube. Soon, the friend began growing the germs and their sidekicks, the phages, in murky bottles. Dr. Lincoln used the extracted phage material to drip into the noses of patients with minor ailments, generally sinusitis.

Most patients had a mild reaction, such as a slight fever, and then felt better. But one got an inflammation of the liver, and Dr. Lincoln decided that germs of what he calls Strain Alpha must somehow have been transmuted into Strain Beta, with its own phage. With two phages at hand, Dr. Lincoln went on to treat gripe and liver inflammation. Soon he spread out to treat laryngitis, tonsillitis, abscessed teeth, neuralgia, cataract and glaucoma. By 1948 he was treating cancer and tuberculosis.

Impatient Patients. By that time, Dr. Lincoln claimed to have an "entirely new system of medicine," and his fame was spreading far beyond the elm-lined streets of Medford. In Arkansas, Dr. Jacob S. Schirmer, graduate of a shut-down diploma mill and one-time follower of Cancer Quack William Koch, got the local franchise for the Lincoln treatment. Other "fellows" of the Lincoln Foundation set up shop in 22 states.

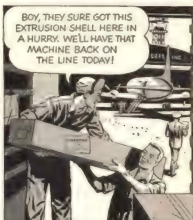
To Medford went many patients who could not be helped by standard medical practice or were impatient with their slow progress. Many felt better at first. This is

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For other news of Senator Tobey, see PEOPLE.

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natural, says the Massachusetts Medical Society, because a lot of patients will respond hopefully to any change in treatment. But of nine TB cases on which the medical society's committee reported, two were maintaining improvement begun under other treatment, five were worse and two were dead. Several cancer patients had died shortly after Dr. Lincoln reported them "much improved."

Dr. Lincoln said he had no idea of resigning from the society: "I have some Irish in me, and this ought to be a damned good fight before it is over." In Washington, Senator Tobey called for a congressional investigation of the society, scented a sinister plot by organized medicine and big drug companies to deny the people the "benefits" of the Lincoln system.

A First for Spain

When word got out that two U.S. drug companies had been working simultaneously on the same new drug for tuberculosis (TIME, March 3), it looked as though the arm of coincidence had been fully extended. Last week the arm stretched a bit more: from Spain came word that the identical drug, hydrazide of isonicotinic acid, has been developed there independently. Moreover, to the Spanish doctors must go credit for trying the drug on human patients a full three months before it was used at Staten Island's Sea View Hospital.

It was in Bilbao's Laboratorio Faes that Chemist Juan Socias made the drug (which the Spanish call FSR-3) under the guidance of Physician Luis Romero. Just a year ago, doctors began treating ten TB patients. Their experience was the same as that of U.S. researchers in all ways but one: two patients proved to be allergic to the drug, and its use in their cases had to be stopped. Next came a controlled test in which 20 patients got FSR-3, and ten who thought they were getting it actually got sugar pills. The 20 showed varying degrees of improvement; the ten, despite the power of suggestion, became no better.

Spanish doctors were just as upset as their U.S. colleagues over the premature publicity given the drug and the false hopes that might be aroused. But one thing made them happy: if the drug proves really valuable, Spain can make it cheaply in any amount, and will not have to depend on hard-to-get imports.

Capsules

¶ The notion that a cross-eyed child "will grow out of it" is a "vicious bit of misinformation," declared Ophthalmologist Richard G. Scobee of St. Louis. Besides creating difficulties in learning, the child's handicap sets him apart from playmates and often leaves a deep emotional scar. Dr. Scobee's advice: have it treated promptly, even if surgery is needed.

¶ To keep the military and Civil Defense authorities from getting into an unseemly scramble for blood and plasma, Defense Mobilizer Charles E. Wilson took over the job of allocating supplies. The Red Cross will continue to be the collecting agency.

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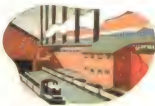
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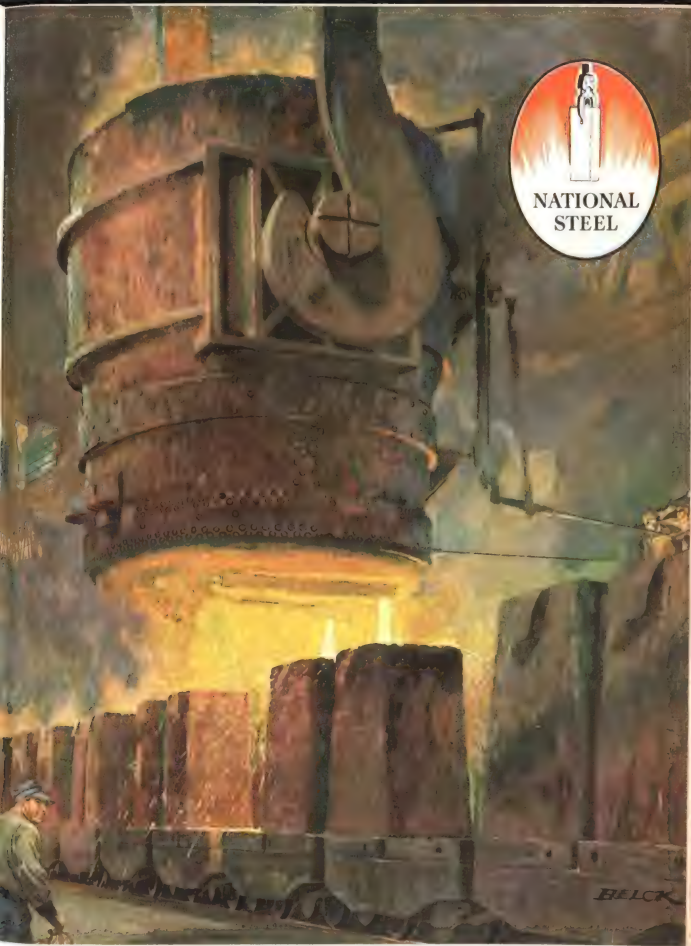


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RADIO & TELEVISION

On Its Own

For years, networks operating in both radio and television have been paying off their TV losses with their radio profits. Last year, for the first time, TV was out of the red. Figures released last week by the FCC: total income before taxes from network TV, \$12.4 million; from network radio, \$10.4 million.

Unscheduled Program

Robert Maxwell Jones Jr., 26, stood quietly in the rear of the elevator one morning last week as it went up to the 45th floor of Cincinnati's 48-story Carew Tower. The elevator operator noticed nothing about Jones except that he was the only Negro in the car, that he was hatless and wore a tan gabardine topcoat. Jones got off on 45, walked up the winding stairway to the observation tower



Associated Press

ROBERT JONES ON THE LEDGE

The soap operas began on schedule.

atop the building. The tower door was locked, but he found a window just above the 47th floor and jimmied it open. He climbed out, stepped gingerly along a three-foot ledge to a parapet at the corner of the building, took off his topcoat, folded it neatly on the ledge, sat down and lit a cigarette. A window washer nearby called to Jones, "I know how you feel, boy. Come back." Said Jones: "I got troubles."

He lit one cigarette off another, occasionally waved his arms, and once climbed over the ledge and hung there by his hands. Police and firemen, called to the building, pleaded with him, but if they tried to inch forward, Jones cried, "I'm going to go!", and his would-be rescuers stood back.

Some 5,000 people gathered in the streets to watch, but the drama was not theirs alone. A Cincinnati housewife, tuning in WCPO's man-on-the-street radio show, heard the reporter describing Jones's flirtation with death. All over town, as the word spread, sets clicked on.

Television was there too. From a hill two miles away, WCPO-TV trained its cameras on Jones, brought him into view with a zoomer lens. The station rushed a mobile unit to the building, and three other cameramen aimed their lenses and waited. WLW-TV, six blocks away, put a TV camera on a fire escape, fed the scene to stations in Dayton and Columbus. WKRC-TV, eight blocks away, went on the air with close-ups.

As thousands hung over their TVs and radios, rescuers worked on. At the 21st floor ledge, men spread a net, like fishermen in a sea of air. Jones's father and sister, and a priest, the Rev. Paul Huber, joined the rescuers on the 47th floor.

"I see you have a rosary," Father Huber called. "Surely you know God loves you. Pray with me, my son." Jones's father said: "Son, come and let us touch your hand and we'll pray for you."

Housewives at their TV sets saw Robert Jones walk slowly to the window where his father stood. They saw a rescuer jump to the ledge and grab him. They saw him dragged into the building as he screamed. "I don't want to die! I don't want to die!" They saw him jabbed with a hypodermic and tied into a straitjacket.

On the 21st floor, the firemen folded their net. Down in the street, the crowds drifted away. But throughout Ohio, some 350,000 people kept their radio and TV sets tuned in. It was 10 a.m. and about time for the morning soap operas to begin.

Program Preview

For the week starting Friday, March 14. Times are E.S.T., subject to change.

RADIO

Metropolitan Opera (Sat. 3 p.m., ABC). Puccini's *La Bohème*, with Albano, Di Stefano, Gueden, Siepi.

NBC Symphony (Sat. 6:30 p.m., NBC). Toscanini conducting a simultaneous radio-TV concert.

Invitation to Learning (Sun. 11:35 a.m., CBS). Du Noy's *Human Destiny*.

New York Philharmonic (Sun. 2:30 p.m., CBS). Soprano Nadine Connor, Baritone Mack Harrell; Bruno Walter conducting.

Theatre Guild on the Air (Sun. 8:30 p.m., NBC). *Love from a Stranger*, with Ray Milland, Edna Best.

The Halls of Ivy (Wed. 8 p.m., NBC). Starring Mr. & Mrs. Ronald Colman.

Academy Awards (Thurs. 11 p.m., ABC). The 24th annual presentation of movie "Oscars."

TELEVISION

Robert Montgomery Presents (Mon. 9:30 p.m., NBC). Jane Wyatt in *The Wall*.

Studio One (Mon. 10 p.m., CBS). *The Vintage Years*, with Walter Slezak.

Author Meets the Critics (Thurs. 10:30 p.m., Du Mont). Target: Senator Joe McCarthy and his book, *America's Retreat from Victory*.

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EDUCATION

Fusilier

[See Cover]

Two Latin teachers* recently agreed that the event which would give them most pleasure and at the same time might advance the cause of true education would be to blow up Teachers College at Columbia University. Mortimer Jerome Adler would probably volunteer to light the fuse.

Lighting educational fuses is his specialty. He started as an undergraduate at Columbia over 30 years ago. Professor John Dewey, then the Jove of Morning-side Heights, once came to a meeting of the university philosophy club to hear one of his students read a paper. As the thin, intense young man warmed to his

a college catalogue or worried about a football team. He writes too well, and has made too much money writing, to be accepted by scholars as one of themselves. He has been denounced as a charlatan, a sensation-seeker, a medieval reactionary, a would-be agent of the Inquisition. He has developed an unequalled gift for making enemies and influencing people.

He has spoken rudely of such sacrosanct characters as Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes ("It is time that [his] pedestal were dismantled") and Bertrand Russell ("He made a fool of himself"). He has spoken ill of children ("the most imperfect of all human beings") and dogs ("they are only brutes"). He has dared to say, several times and in public, that Darwin was wrong. He has committed the



Adler & Syntopicon Staff
Pep talks for Aristotle.

George Stoddard—LIFE

subject, the great philosopher's face grew red. Finally, when young Adler quoted a passage from Dewey and commented, "There is certainly nothing of the love of God in this utterance," Dewey could take no more. He jumped to his feet, shouting, "Nobody is going to tell me how to love God," and stalked out.

In class Mortimer Adler harassed the eminent professor by sending him long, learned letters pointing out how his lectures contradicted his earlier lectures. For a time, Pragmatist Dewey read the letters in class, but eventually he called Adler to his office and suggested he lay off. Adler did not lay off. He has continued to take intellectual potshots at Dewey and his disciples.

Socrates with Dry Martini. This target practice has won him a unique position in U.S. education. He is not an educator in the usual sense: he never drafted

modern heresy of declaring that there are such permanent, absolute values as Truth and Justice. Like a Socratic traveling salesman, he has moved up & down the country, talking to the young and causing acute attacks of thought in thousands of college students who scarcely ever thought of thinking before. The majority of U.S. college professors would gladly hand him the bitter chalice; he merely enjoys the situation and sticks to dry Martinis with lemon peel.

He is all over the map. True to his dictum that the philosopher belongs in the market place, he has at various times popped up in such non-academic roles as adviser to the Hays Office, indoctrination lecturer for the U.S. Air Transport Command, merchandising consultant to Bamberger's of New Jersey (he developed a theory that new electric toasters and bobby pins evolve like new biological species, which in some quarters earned him the nickname "Drygoods Darwin").

At present on leave from his post as professor of the philosophy of law at the University of Chicago, he 1) is consultant to Paul Hoffman and his staff of the Ford Foundation; 2) conducts summer seminars at Aspen, Tycoon Walter Paepcke's Athens-in-Colorado, on matters like Freedom and God; 3) leads the "Fat Boys" Great Books class at Chicago, including such notable converts to culture as Meyer Kestnbaum of Hart Schaffner & Marx, Harold Swift of Swift & Co.; 4) sells the Great Books idea, relentlessly and with success (the Great Books Foundation now has 2,000 groups).

Adler's most notable achievement will be unveiled next month at a black-tie dinner in Manhattan's Waldorf-Astoria, when Encyclopaedia Britannica will solemnly present to 500 leading U.S. citizens (each of whom paid \$500 for it) the long-heralded set of the Great Books of the Western World, edited by Hutchins and Adler. (Probable price of the popular edition, to be published in September: \$300.) The set is unquestionably the biggest culture buy anywhere: 54 volumes, 32,000 pages, 25 million words, 5 ft. 1 in. on the bookshelf, 443 works by 74 authors.*

Its most arresting feature was contributed by Mortimer Adler: a two-volume index called Syntopicon,† referring the reader to everything of note the great authors have said about the Great Ideas of Western Civilization (see box). There are, by Adler's count, exactly 102 Great Ideas. A lesser man might have quailed before the problem of making such a reckoning. Not Adler.

Education Racket? "The philosopher," he once remarked, "ought never to try to avoid the duty of making up his mind." Adler has made up his mind—probably one of the best minds at large today—on any number of vital issues. Americans expect no more help from philosophers in practical affairs than from poets, and rather less than from astrologers. Adler believes, however, that the question of right & wrong is practical, and that it is the philosopher's job to help answer it. Adler furthermore holds that plain men & women can and should be philosophers. Says he: "Philosophy is everybody's business."

In one way, Americans have begun to see what he means: there were philosophies behind Adolf Hitler, Alger Hiss and

* Homer, Aeschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Aristophanes, Herodotus, Thucydides, Plato, Aristotle, Hippocrates, Galen, Euclid, Archimedes, Apollonius, Nicomachus, Lucretius, Epictetus, Marcus Aurelius, Virgil, Plutarch, Tacitus, Ptolemy, Copernicus, Kepler, Plotinus, Augustine, Thomas Aquinas, Dante, Chaucer, Machiavelli, Hobbes, Rabelais, Montaigne, Shakespeare, Gilbert, Galileo, Harvey, Cervantes, Francis Bacon, Descartes, Spinoza, Milton, Pascal, Newton, Huygens, Locke, Berkeley, Hume, Swift, Sterne, Fielding, Montesquieu, Rousseau, Adam Smith, Gibbon, Kant, *The Federalist* (by Hamilton, Madison and Jay), J. S. Mill, Russell, Lewis, Fourier, Faraday, Hegel, Goethe, Melville, Darwin, Marx, Engels, Tolstoy, Dostoevsky, William James, Freud, Most controversial omissions: Luther, Calvin, Mollere, Voltaire, Dickens, Balzac, Einstein.

† New coinage meaning "collection of topics."

* There still are a few.

the Chinese Red army in Korea. But they still fail to realize that professional philosophers, like Pragmatist John Dewey, have deeply influenced the lives of millions of Americans who could not tell a pragmatist from a Holy Roller.

The pragmatists created an intellectual universe without fixed truth, where right & wrong swirl through time & space, always dependent on local interpretation and individual desire. To a pragmatist, "ideals" are merely hypotheses, to be forever tested by individual experience and subject to change without notice.

Adler revolted against this universe. He reassessed the old-fashioned belief that ideals like freedom and democracy are not mere regional preferences, but demonstrably good; that man has will and reason with which to distinguish between good & evil. He felt that organized U.S. education, dominated by the pragmatists, was "one of the largest rackets in this country," turning out students "chaotically informed and viciously indoctrinated with the local prejudices of professors and their textbooks." Most U.S. college graduates, says Adler, can neither read, write nor think properly. They are not being taught how to lead a good life (the aim of all liberal education), but merely how to make a good living. Education merely for specific jobs, cries Adler, "is the training of slaves."

What to do about it? Adler, Hutchins and a band of dedicated fellow guerrillas—notably Stringfellow Barr, former president of St. John's College, Scott Buchanan, former dean of St. John's, and Mark Van Doren, English professor at Columbia—have answered long & loud: make U.S. education truly liberal. That means, according to Adler, that 1) American college professors must commit academic harakiri by giving up their specialized fields; they should be able to teach anything in the liberal arts; 2) the scientific method should stick to science, and leave to philoso-

THE 102 IDEAS

Angel	Fate	Mathematics	Reasoning
Animal	Form	Matter	Relation
Aristocracy	God	Mechanics	Religion
Art	Good & Evil	Medicine	Revolution
Astronomy	Government	Memory & Imagination	Rhetoric
Beauty	Habit	Metaphysics	Same & Other
Being	Happiness	Mind	Science
Cause	History	Monarchy	Sense
Chance	Honor	Nature	Sign & Symbol
Change	Hypothesis	Necessity & Contingency	Sin
Citizen	Idea	Oligarchy	Slavery
Constitution	Immortality	One & Many	Soul
Courage	Induction	Opinion	Space
Custom & Convention	Infinity	Opposition	State
Definition	Judgment	Philosophy	Temperance
Democracy	Justice	Physics	Theology
Desire	Knowledge	Pleasure & Pain	Time
Dialectic	Labor	Poetry	Truth
Duty	Language	Principle	Tyranny
Education	Law	Progress	Universal & Particular
Element	Liberty	Prophecy	Virtue & Vice
Emotion	Life & Death	Punishment	War & Peace
Eternity	Logic	Quantity	Wealth
Evolution	Love		Will
Experience	Man		Wisdom
Family			World

Why 102? Editor Adler admits that this figure might have been 120 or 97.

How Does It Work? If a reader is interested in one of the 102 Big Ideas, e.g., Good & Evil, he merely turns to the chapter so headed. There he finds a nine-page introduction by Editor Adler, logical sub-topics, e.g., the general theory of good & evil, the moral theory of the good, etc. Under these sub-topics he finds references to 3,306 passages in 60 of the great authors and the Bible.

What if the reader is interested in a notion not included in the Big Ideas, e.g., Sex? He can then turn to an inventory of 1,792 terms which will tell him under which of the Great Ideas sex is treated, i.e., Animal, Desire, Evolution, Love, Man.

What Is It Good For? Says Adler: 1) to enable plain readers to read about topics they are interested in; 2) to save students and scholars "unnecessary drudgery before thinking is begun"; 3) to show people that thinkers of the past have things to say to the present. Will it make people's minds lazy? Not at all, says Adler. "It is the exact reverse of the giant comptometers which are fed data and do the thinking for people; the Syntopicon feeds people the data—the issues and the various positions taken on them—and lets the human mind do its own thinking."

ophy the job of determining matters of right & wrong; 3) all Americans should get the same kind of liberal education till they take their A.B. (from two to four years earlier than at present) and specialize later.

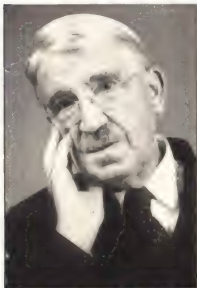
Whether such a program can be put into practice in 20th century America is a question. In the U.S. of the 18th century, liberal education was the privilege of the few. But when all U.S. men & women got the vote, and unprecedented amounts of wealth and leisure, the situation was changed. The problem at the heart of the educational controversy which has been raging for half a century in the U.S. is simply: how to educate the freed citizen for a free life.

Time Turning? The first U.S. answer, helped along by John Dewey, was free colleges and the elective system, with heavy emphasis on "useful" subjects like science. Most U.S. educators today agree that the elective system leads generally to an aimless nibbling at knowledge, or to excessive specialization. But there is bitter disagreement as to what should be done. Most Deweyites insist that 20th century students must combine the liberal arts with "useful" studies, and that the learning of the past must be "reconstructed" to fit

present needs. Adler feels that this view has led to totally inadequate half measures, i.e., digested "survey" courses in the humanities. But there are signs that the great battle—variously expressed as Humanists v. Pragmatists, Thomists v. Positivists,* Adler v. the rest of U.S. education—is slowly beginning to turn.

The ground swell is strong and deep: Adler, Hutchins & Co. are only part of it. The atom bomb, more than anything else, showed the U.S. that (in Adler's words) "the more science we have the more we are in need of wisdom to prevent its misuse." Reinhold Niebuhr expressed a growing uneasiness in the U.S. conscience over confused and slipshod morality. Arnold Toynbee found wide response when he attacked the easy optimism which regards history as an endless escalator to progress rather than a continuing struggle between good & evil. The Harvard report on U.S. education (TIME, Aug. 13, 1945) signaled a serious drive in more & more U.S. uni-

* Positivists are the philosophical school, virtually dominant in the U.S. and Britain today, which suggests that philosophy is merely a tool for the logical analysis of limited propositions. Adler hates the positivists' guts, and they his.



Breitenbach—Pis

JOHN DEWEY
More dangerous than Hitler?



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Kenneth C. Black (left)
and Lee Black, Architects.



Now, more than ever
AMERICA MUST SEE WHAT IT'S DOING

IT'S EASY TO SEE WHEN IT'S



versities for a unified core of knowledge. More & more educators are realizing the need for 1) greater order, without which freedom is impossible; 2) more attention to moral questions or—as one of them puts it—know-why rather than know-how. Harvard's James Bryant Conant has pointed out the need for the "expert on judging experts." Said Princeton's Dean J. Douglas Brown last week: "The students want to know the values we are protecting, not technical devices." Reported A. A. Suppan, philosophy professor at Wisconsin State Teachers College in Milwaukee, after a round table on the subject: "Many of the students say, 'We need some certainty.' They point out that the Dewey criterion for good—'Will it work?'—can be a measuring stick for totalitarians too."

The Little Bookie. Mortimer Adler started strangling the snake of positivism almost in his cradle. He grew up in a quiet, middle-class neighborhood in uptown Manhattan (his father was a jewelry salesman, his mother an ex-schoolteacher). He often told his playmates: "Go away, I'm thinking," and shut the door of his room on them. He was a prolific writer (to get one short story published, he mimeographed his own newspaper, which lasted for two issues). He thought he might become a poet. Sample effort: "Girls are funny creatures / Though some have pretty features / And with their whims and ways / They can put boys in a daze." But his real passion was learning. Says he: "It never occurred to me not to get A's." Once he almost ran away from home when he got a B.

He started to collect a library when still in grade school, and with fanatic neatness insisted that the books must always be kept in exact order. His first pupil was his younger sister Carolyn. The first lesson was an early Adlerian version of evolution. Mortimer declared: "You ought to know the facts of life. First there are fish, then come monkeys, and then little girls. Mother will tell you the rest."

Later, Adler sent her long, peremptory reading lists ("Go to some library and get John Morley's essay, 'On Compromise.' Don't put this off. Get it somehow. Buy it in a bookstore if necessary. I'll go halves with you . . . This reminds me that you ought to read the New Testament this summer . . .").

After two years in high school ("I had a difference of opinion with the principal about who was running the school"), he got a job as a copy boy on the *Sim*, and broke into print writing editorials at \$7 a column. One day he read in John Stuart Mill's autobiography that the great Englishman had read Plato before he was ten. Not having read Plato at 15 made Adler "feel like a savage." Then & there he drew a pay advance and bought Plato's *Republic*. Immediately afterwards he decided 1) to go to college, 2) to become a philosopher.

Fateful Footnote. At Columbia he studied furiously. Saturdays, before the library closed, he would take out a stack of books and tote them home; he knew he could not possibly read them all, but he wanted at least to look at them and read the table



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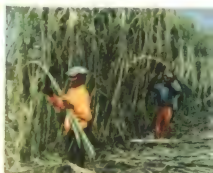
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of contents. He took John Erskine's General Honors Course, the first "great books" course in the U.S. (it was never known by that name).

Soon he was himself teaching the Honors course.* He also got a job as a psychology instructor (his feud with Professor Dewey kept him out of the philosophy department), and launched vigorously into experiments. When he was trying to measure fear, he calmly dropped a four-foot live boa constrictor on to people's shoulders. "Boy," he recalls happily, "would their pupils dilate!"

His love was still philosophy. One day he discovered St. Thomas, and one by one, as he managed to save the money, young Adler bought the 21 volumes of the *Summa Theologica*.

In 1927, Adler married pretty Helen Boynton, daughter of an Illinois manufacturer. To support her in a style he considered adequate, Adler held down not



The Bettmann Archive

ST. THOMAS

A new "Summa" by a peeping Thomist?

only his two teaching jobs at Columbia, but taught psychology at C.C.N.Y., lectured at the People's Institute and gave a Great Books course in the basement of a church. His total income (pasha-like for that day): \$11,000. Far too busy to work for his Ph.D., he hired students at \$1 an hour to do research, and whipped out his thesis on musical appreciation in 24 hours. He got his Ph.D., all right, but never his A.B. That degree was withheld because he would not take the swimming test ("I refuse to take my clothes off in the middle of the day").

Then destiny struck, in a footnote on the law of evidence which Adler wrote into his first book. A bright young man named Robert Maynard Hutchins, then acting dean of the Yale Law School, saw the footnote and asked Adler to come up to see him. Adler, who really knew nothing about the subject, studied the law of evidence night & day for two weeks. Then

* Students in his first class: Clifton Fadiman, Lionel Trilling, Whittaker Chambers.

TIME, MARCH 17, 1952



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he went to New Haven, in his best black suit. The dean, aged 28, received him in tennis ducks. They instantly impressed each other as great men. When Hutchins became president of the University of Chicago, he took Adler along. Thereupon, the academic battle of the century began.

Also a Purple Tie. Adler was rapidly developing his ideas on education, and Hutchins enthusiastically egged him on. If Adler could have had his way, he would have abolished textbooks, lectures, grades, electives, possibly professors. When Hutchins & Adler tried to put some of these ideas into practice, the fur flew. The philosophy department threatened mass resignation rather than let Adler stay; Hutchins had to create a new post for him—professor of the philosophy of law. An air of civil war overran the Midway. One zealous professor once denied that two & two make four, merely because a pro-Adler student said they did. Even Adler's clothes provoked his colleagues—justifiably: he sometimes sported a lavender shirt and purple tie.

To many students, he became a hero. Recalls one: "He'd never let go a point until a protagonist or antagonist understood it. He would ask questions, leading you step by step through your answers, to the rational conclusion. If that failed, he'd dash to the blackboard and draw a diagram. If the student fought on, he might say: 'I'll take this home and see if I can find an error in my logic.' I've seen him come back and admit he was wrong. In Adler's world, there is truth in every situation, and he insisted that his students stay on the track trying to find it."

Flood for Babel. Faced with Adler's passion for logic, a lot of people began to feel like Gertrude Stein who, shortly after meeting him, hit him on the head several times with her fist and declared: "Adler, you are obviously the kind of young man that's used to winning arguments. I won't argue with you any more."

Adler has an almost naive conviction that if he can show people in open, logical argument that he is right, they will be convinced and not take offense. In *Crime, Law & Social Science*, he showed the social scientists why they were not scientific. In *What Man Has Made of Man*, he showed the psychoanalysts what was wrong with psychoanalysis. In several writings he explained what was wrong with St. Thomas (among other things, Adler felt, the angelic doctor had failed to prove the existence of God). Though he had written learnedly and reverently of Aquinas, Adler was now snubbed by most Thomists. Caustic colleagues nicknamed him a "peeping Thomist."

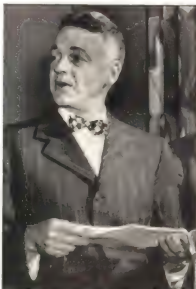
In *How to Read a Book*, Adler showed Americans that they could not even read intelligently, and brilliantly told them what to do about it. (The book, which he wrote because he needed \$1,000 to pay the rent of his expensive apartment, became a bestseller, and earned him \$60,000.)

In 1940, with the U.S. on the edge of war, Adler gave the whole U.S. academic profession a tongue-lashing which it never forgot or forgave. Speaking at an open-



"And Don't Come Back until You Believe in God!"

air meeting of eminent scientists, philosophers and theologians in New York, Adler declared that the dominant doctrine in the U.S. was "the affirmation of science and the denial of philosophy and religion." The professors were hypocrites in paying lip service to religion: "They give true-false tests, but never take them . . . Religion is either the supreme human discipline, because it is God's discipline of man . . . or it has no place at all . . . [The professors] dishonor themselves as well as religion by tolerating it when . . . they really think that faith is superstition." Most U.S. professors, he said, are positivists. They haven't the guts to make up their minds about what is right & wrong—" [They] might be obliged to risk [their] academic reputation . . . Democracy has



ROBERT HUTCHINS
A footnote led to egging.

much more to fear from the mentality of its teachers than from . . . Hitler . . ."

Just as he thundered: "The Tower of Babel we are building invites another flood," the canopy over their heads burst open and a flood of accumulated rainwater came down on the audience.

Toward war's end, Adler became strangely quiet: he had, in fact, withdrawn from the battlefield to tackle the enormous job of the Syntopicon.

Deadline for God. When William Benton (who had just become head of the Encyclopaedia Britannica) decided in 1943 to publish a set of the Great Books, he wanted a gimmick that would induce the reader actually to lift the books off the shelf. Adler suggested an index which would guide people to any topic they were interested in. The index was supposed to cost \$60,000 and take two years to produce. Before Adler was through, it took nearly \$1,000,000 and eight years.

He started with a handful of helpers in two cellar offices, and a list of 4,000 ideas that had to be boiled down to manageable size. Adler spent months just throwing away ideas, deciding which rated a separate pigeonhole of its own and which could be slipped in with some other idea. When, after nearly three years, the list was finally pared down, the staff assembled in Index House, a rambling greystone house on the Midway. They were to read through the 443 great books—plus the Bible, which is not included in the set but which Adler decided to index—and to find references to each of the Big Ideas on Adler's list and their 3,000 topics. The staff (50 indexers at the peak of the work, plus 75 clerical workers) worked through all the books four times. At first, they were assigned six ideas a week. Later Adler stepped up the tempo to seven. Deadlines were strict and proclaimed by grim bulletins: "Oct. 22—God."

Each decision about keeping, changing or dropping references (Adler has figured out that 900,000 such decisions were made) was recorded with special words, figures and symbols. As the work wore on, people got married, were divorced, or died. Adler drove everyone (including himself) with frightening energy, frowned on illness and pregnancy—one woman put off having a baby until the work was done.

Rah, Rah, Kant! Adler gave regular pep talks to the staff. As they tackled each new idea, he would point out mistakes, make suggestions, urge them to hit that line. Sample: "Aristotle and Aquinas are doing fine, but Kant, Descartes, Plotinus, etc. must catch up . . . Under Topic 2b, I find only three references to Aristotle, and three to Locke. This cannot be all! Something has got to be done about this . . . We cannot rest on such a random collection with such a major topic. I am sure I am right. Don't give in."

When the work was two-thirds finished, Britannica got discouraged with the amount of money Adler was spending (about \$25,000 a month) and called a halt. Adler started phoning desperately. He sent Hutchins along the flank to Britannica's bankers, wangled permission



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to finish the job with only four editors (it took two more years). When it turned out that Britannica had no funds for an immediate sales campaign, Adler started writing letters, published brochures, finally hopped a plane and started selling in person. Notable catches: William Paley, Paul Mellon, Marshall Field, Conrad Hilton, Harold Swift. His biggest coup: 40 sets at one go to Allied Stores.

A Touch of Megalomania? With the Syntopicon out of the way, Adler might have relaxed, but, as his wife puts it, "he has a clock built inside him." He never stops ticking. His restless eyes have an intensely pained look, particularly when he has to sit still and listen to someone else talk. In appearance, friends have compared him to a better-fed Savonarola. He likes Brooks Brothers suits, good leather, fast cars, fine food (the waitresses at his favorite restaurants are under strict instruction not to tempt him with rolls and desserts), but whatever he enjoys, he usually enjoys in a hurry. He sometimes catches a movie, but rarely finds time to do any light reading—"I always have to read some damn great book." His wife has bought him a posture chair, but he shuns it, for fear he might fall asleep reading.

What makes Mortimer run? Says a friend earnestly: "The pursuit of truth." Friends also suspect that he is not always as sure of the truth in his heart as in his mind. He has long ago given up his parents' Jewish religion and has often been on the point of becoming a Roman Catholic. (His two sons, 11 and 13, were confirmed last month in his wife's Episcopal church.) He keeps a favorite cartoon on his office wall to kid his strong views on the need for religion (*see cut*). Once, after a particularly forceful lecture in San Francisco, a woman asked him whether he could have made an equally strong argument for the opposite proposition. "That," sighed Adler, "is the first sensible question of the evening. The answer is yes."

Adler is already off on his next great project, which, if he succeeds, will make the Syntopicon look like an exam pony. Adler wants to summarize all the knowledge of the Western world in one vast work, comparable to Aquinas' 13th century *Summa* or Diderot's 18th century *Encyclopaedia*. His aim: to help end the Babel of Western civilization, in which specialists in various fields not only disagree but cannot even argue with each other in the same language. He does not want to reach conclusions, but simply clear the decks for "some future philosophic genius" by summing up the various positions on each question in all fields. Tentative title of the work: *Summa Dialectica*. Adler already has a grant for the project from Paul Mellon's Old Dominion Foundation. He does not expect to live to see it finished, but hopes to train a staff to get it done before century's end.

Says he: "There would be a touch of megalomania in the project... but without megalomania of this sort, nothing can be done, for we have reached that stage of intellectual decay where little things will not avail."

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MUSIC

"Old Tenors Never Die"

At the first table, just inside the door of Sherry's red, Edwardian grand tier bar at the Metropolitan Opera, a distinguished gentleman with a halo of white hair holds court during intermission several nights a week. Old Metgoers and off-duty singers pay him the homage of a word or a bow as they pass. Some of the youngsters recognize him and point him out to less knowing companions; even people who don't know him give him more than a passing glance, sensing that he is "somebody." He is indeed: he is Giovanni Martinelli, one of the great tenors of his day (1913-45).

Last week, during the intermission of *Alceste* (see below), Tenor Martinelli, 66, was holding court as usual, elegant in



GIOVANNI MARTINELLI
It's the heart.

evening clothes. He had a lot more to discuss with his friends and courtiers than old times at the Met. A man who still bubbles with force, Martinelli is lifting his voice in public again on TV programs, and having the time of his life. Says Martinelli: "Old tenors never die, they simply fade away."

After he sang an Italian song, *Ideale*, on a *We the People* program several weeks ago (honoring his old rival Caruso), a friend phoned to say, "That was a good record they put on for you last night." Martinelli took pleasure in setting him straight. "I can sing as well as I ever could," he insists—although "I would not say I could get through *Otello* or *Aida* now." Those who heard him sing *Ideale* were surprised at the ease and quality of the old tenor *robusto's* voice. The catch, and the reason for his retirement from the Met in 1945: "It is the heart . . . When one is older, the heart cannot bear the strain and worry and excitement [of

the opera stage]. It tells on the voice." However, he finds TV more pleasure than strain, and after his third appearance as a guest is giving some thought to a program of his own.

A man who reputedly made \$2,500,000 in his 35-year singing career, Martinelli lives comfortably in a midtown Manhattan hotel. He coaches a little, currently has high hopes for two of his pupils. His family is scattered; his wife is in Italy to be near their children (one son, two daughters) and grandchildren—including five-month-old Giovanni Martinelli. But Giovanni the elder likes "to be here because of my season. I preserve at least the illusion of not being retired."

Alcestis' Return

Of the six composers whose names adorn the proscenium arch of the Metropolitan Opera, Christoph Willibald Gluck is the oldest (1714-87), the least honored, the least sung.* Four of his 42 operas have been performed at the Met, but only at very rare intervals. Last week Gluck's *Alceste* got a performance that restored some of the proper shine to his name.

In scheduling the first performance of *Alceste* in eleven years, General Manager Rudolf Bing had two ideas: 1) he wanted to hear Gluck's somberly magnificent music again and 2) he cannily thought that the challenge of the big name part might be enough to induce Kirsten Flagstad to postpone her retirement one more year. He was right. Though she was tired after 23 years of singing Wagnerian roles, she was intrigued with the idea of learning a difficult new role at 56—and singing in English for the first time on the U.S. opera stage.

She proved fully equal to the challenge. The No. 1 Wagnerian soprano of her day, she demonstrated that she could be just as great in a demandingly difficult classic of the 18th century.

The simple story of *Alceste* offers nothing too difficult in the way of dramatic movement—indeed, there is little action for anyone, a chief reason the opera is not performed more often. Dying King Admetus is condemned by Apollo to the Styx unless someone can be found to die in his place. None of the citizenry volunteers, so wife Alceste sacrifices herself. Admetus follows her to the underworld, and Apollo is so impressed by their devotion that he reprieves them both.

Flagstad was statuesque in the white robes of the Grecian queen, yet touchingly human at the same time. As always, her voice filled the cavernous Met with its thrilling power. But it was also rich with an expressiveness that seems to grow more poignant with the years. Tenor Brian Sullivan sang his role of Admetus powerfully, if not always as cleanly as the classical style demands. The staging was a trifle

* The other five: Beethoven, Gounod, Mozart, Verdi, Wagner.



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fussy, and the *corps de ballet* postured like so many figures on a Grecian urn. But alongside the triumphs of the performance, the defects were minor. Top honors: Kirsten Flagstad and Christoph Gluck.

New Records

It was Verdi's month on records. Victor reissued a superlative performance of one of the most remarkable works of all time: the *Requiem* (4 sides LP). The music has all the passion and dramatic impact of a Verdi opera, and the soloists, Beniamino Gigli, Maria Caniglia, Ebe Stignani and Ezio Pinza, were all able to do it justice when this version was originally recorded in 1939. Conductor Tullio Serafin does his share with the Royal Opera Chorus and Orchestra of Rome. The recording is good.

Also notable is Cetra-Soria's *Aida* (6 sides LP). An Italian cast, including Tenor Mario Filippeschi, Soprano Caterina Mancini, Mezzo Giulietta Simonato and Baritone Rolando Panerai, gives a fine performance, as does the Orchestra and Chorus of Radio Italiana under Vittorio Gui. The recording is excellent. Less successful: Remington's *Rigoletto* (6 sides LP), performed by undistinguished soloists and a lackluster orchestra and chorus of Florence's Maggio Musicale. The recording is fair.

Other new records:

Bruckner: Symphony No. 1 (the Austria State Symphony, Volkmar Andreae conducting; International Masterworks, 2 sides LP). This C-minor symphony is almost a brevity compared to the lengthy ones that followed, but just as fine in form and spirit. Performance: good. Recording: fair.

Mozart: Six "Haydn" Quartets (the Roth String Quartet; Mercury, 6 sides LP). Mozart acknowledged that "from Haydn I learned how to write string quartets," and dedicated these six notable specimens to him. The album brings them all together for the first time. Performance and recording: good.

Schumann: Symphony No. 1 (Boston Symphony Orchestra, Charles Munch conducting; Victor, 2 sides LP). Munch's glowing performance captures some of the white-hot inspiration that Robert Schumann must have felt when he composed this "Spring" symphony in four days. Recording: excellent.

Johann Strauss: One Night in Venice (Vienna State Opera soloists, the Vienna Symphony Orchestra and chorus of the Bregenz Festivals; Columbia, 4 sides LP). This charming romance of disguise and intrigue is the ninth of the Waltz King's operettas; it sparkles with some of the same gaiety as the other eight. Performance and recording: excellent.

Ten Tenors (Victor, 2 sides LP). A chance, though not an absolutely fair one, to compare tenors of the past and present. The two sides offer Enrico Caruso, John McCormack, Beniamino Gigli, James Melton, Jussi Björling, Jan Peerce, Set Svahnholm, Ferruccio Tagliavini, Giuseppe Di Stefano and Mario Lanza singing favorite arias. Lanza has as good a natural voice as any of them, but it begs for training.



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helps keep the flood from your door

QLD MAN RIVER never rests easy. All year long, he twists and turns in his bed. And, in the spring, he sometimes forgets he's old. He leaves his bed, spreads across the lowlands, floods homes, and sweeps over rich farm lands on which cities depend for food.

When this happens, the flood control experts get busy.

They bring up dredges to make a new bed that's straighter and wider and deeper...so the river won't overflow its banks.

These dredges are big and tough and well-designed.

They *have* to be. They must gulp tons of mud, sand, and gravel. Force it up through pumps at high speed.

And then pump it out through big, long steel pipes onto the surrounding land.

This calls for tough metal parts. And that's where Nickel comes into the picture.

Sometimes it's used in the cutter heads that chew up gritty silt.

Sometimes it's used in the pumps as well. It may be in the form of Nickel steel castings or Nickel cast iron ("Ni-hard"). But whatever the form, these Nickel alloys have what it takes to stand up to the harsh scraping action of fast-moving sand and gravel.

When you see a powerful dredge making a new river bed, or a big bulldozer clearing off land...when

DREDGES tame wild rivers by gulping tons of mud, sand, gravel... forcing it through pumps at high speed...pumping it out onto the surrounding land.

you see the defense products industry is turning out...you can be sure Nickel is working for you 'round the clock.

You don't see the Nickel because it's intermixed with other metals... adding toughness, hardness, endurance, and other special properties. That's why Nickel is known as "Your Unseen Friend."

For the Inquiring Mind: Where does Nickel come from — who made this friendly metal useful, valuable? How is it possible to raise tons of ore thousands of feet and produce Nickel for your ever expanding world of wonders?

This romance of men, mines, and machines, of developing resources, is in your free copy of "The Romance of Nickel." Write, The International Nickel Co., Inc., Dept. 560a, New York 5, N. Y.

© 1962, I. N. CO.

The INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY, Inc.



Nickel...Your Unseen Friend



ALFORD PHOTO



STOCK PHOTO

From Instrument Shops to Parachute Lofts . . . Hospitals . . . Factories

Trane air conditioning serves everywhere

Man-made climate to meet thousands of different needs is made to order by Trane heating and air conditioning equipment.

Many U. S. paratroopers, training for hazardous action behind enemy lines, benefit from Trane products. After every jump, Trane equipment is used to dry the delicate fabrics of the parachute.

Instrument makers, who create and repair delicate mechanisms that operate planes and steer ships, do better work in a Trane-made atmosphere. Trane products create constant temperatures that keep microscopic parts from shrinking or expanding—keep out damaging dust and dirt.

The proper conditioning of air is Trane's business. In the hospital operating room, Trane equipment

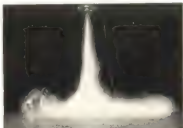
makes it possible to administer anesthetics safely—helps speed patients to recovery. In office buildings, it creates ideal working conditions winter and summer. In countless factories, it directs heated air properly to keep worker efficiency high. Trane air conditioning does, in fact, serve everywhere.

With the extensive Trane line from which to choose, complete systems can be developed to fit every heating, ventilating and air conditioning need. There are more than 80 Trane sales offices in the U. S. The one nearest you will gladly work with your architect, consulting engineer and contractor.

For suggestions on how Trane air conditioning can help you, write for a free copy of "Choose Your Own Weather."



Hospitals—Moist atmosphere with the proper temperature is best in the operating room—Trane creates that climate in countless installations.



Factories—The smoke test shows how the exclusive Trane Projection Unit Heater diffuser distributes heated air in the working zone near the floor line.

TRANE

MANUFACTURING ENGINEERS
OF HEATING, VENTILATING AND
AIR CONDITIONING EQUIPMENT

THE TRANE COMPANY, LA CROSSE, WISCONSIN
Eastern Mfg. Division . . . Scranton, Pennsylvania
Trane Company of Canada, Ltd. . . . Toronto
OFFICES IN 80 U. S. AND 14 CANADIAN CITIES

BUSINESS & FINANCE

GOVERNMENT

Dangerous Babe

Fair Deal trustbusters, who have sued to force Piere, Irénée and Lamont du Pont to give up their control of General Motors, last week asked Chicago's federal court to lengthen the list of defendants. The Government wanted to cite 183 additional members of the Du Pont family in the alleged antitrust conspiracy dating back to 1914. In Wilmington, Del., Lamont du Pont, noting that 96 of the defendants are under 21 years of age and 61 of them under 14, cited, as the prize new defendant, Irénée's granddaughter, Alletta du Pont Bredin, "a hardened conspirator of eight months, born last July, two years after the suit was filed."

Wahoo! Wahoo!

A wahoo bird, according to popular folklore, flies in ever decreasing circles until it swallows itself in utter confusion. Recently, many a businessman has thought that the nation's mobilizers were learning from the wahoo. Last week there was pretty convincing evidence from Washington that they were right.

¶ NPA, which has been diligently cutting down on civilian use of copper and aluminum, suddenly handed out 77,500 additional tons of the metals to civilian-goods manufacturers. The military, NPA had discovered, could not use the metals.

¶ Automakers, who only a few weeks ago were told that they would get enough metals to build only 800,000 units in the second quarter, got enough to build 1,000,000. Steel, long one of NPA's pet "shortages," is now so plentiful that NPA also handed out more to other civilian users; the Sharon Steel Corp. closed down two unneeded furnaces.

¶ NPA, which has touted lead as one of the shortest raw materials, found it was in oversupply, removed its allocation controls.

These reversals were the result of a gigantic miscalculation by Washington's planners. All their previous warnings and civilian cuts had been based on a military budget of \$85 billion for 1953, a figure rejected long ago by the President and termed unrealistic by even the most wishful thinkers in the Pentagon. With the military budget now at an estimated \$50 billion and the whole program stretched out, all the previously projected military schedules were clearly out of whack. Yet it has taken the planners weeks to realize it. Last week Chief Mobilizer Charles E. Wilson said that because of the stretch-out, military deliveries will reach a peak of only \$3.5 billion a month next year, vs. the original goal of \$4 billion.

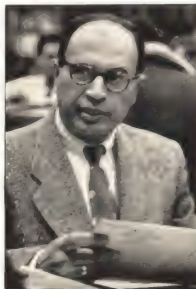
The way deliveries are going now, there is even grave doubt about when the new goal will be reached. In January, when deliveries totaled only \$2 billion, the rate of increase was only half what was scheduled. And even though delivery schedules



ALLETTA DU PONT BREIDIN
She's a hardened conspirator.

have been slashed by one-third in the past year, they are still not being met in such key items as electronics, medium tanks and even some ammunition. Mobilizers boast that they were only 4% behind schedule on planes in January and February, but many schedules are now so low that such statements mean little. In one category of combat aircraft, for instance, schedules were met "100%" in January. Meaning: four planes were delivered.

From such figures it seemed plain that Washington's planners are still overestimating raw-material requirements for military goods. When & if they are finally brought in line with the realities of military production, it looked as if there would be a flood of materials for civilian goods.



SAM GOODY
"I'm the bad boy."

"Nothing Short of Criminal"

When Government lawyers opened their antitrust suit against 17 investment bankers in Manhattan 16 months ago (TIME, Dec. 11, 1950 et seq.), Federal Judge Harold R. Medina asked that they lead him along "like a child" through the complexities of investment banking. Since then, Medina has often complained that he was being led through nothing but fog. But last week his hopes went up again. On the stand as a prosecution witness was Chicago's Harold L. Stuart, president of Halsey, Stuart & Co., which floated the biggest dollar total of new issues last year.

For five days, the Government lawyers questioned Stuart, trying to support their charges that the defendants had frozen out such companies as Halsey, Stuart from security issues. Then Government Attorney Henry V. (for Vincent) Stebbins abruptly announced that he was about finished with Stuart. Medina was flabbergasted. It was "nothing short of criminal," he said, for the Government to end its examination without bringing out facts which he had been "dying to hear for a year and a half." Snapped the judge: "This is the most tremendous waste of time I ever heard of. I just cannot stomach it . . ."

RETAIL TRADE

The Bargain Man

Manhattan's Liberty Music Shops, Inc., which claims to be the biggest U.S. retailer of phonograph records, reached its eminence with a strict policy against cut-price sales. But in half-page ads last week, it astonished the record industry by cutting prices 30% on "ALL MAKES—ALL SPEEDS—ALL SIZES." As sales jumped tenfold, Macy's and Gimbels reduced their own record prices by 30%; Brooklyn's Abraham & Straus advertised cuts of 40%. As some Boston retailers also slashed prices, it looked as if the price war might spread across the country.

The war came when the record business was good (sales were close to \$200 million last year) and getting better. Liberty's explanation for the cuts: 1) record prices were too high, 2) manufacturers were ready to cut them, and 3) the list prices have been violated left & right for months. Hole-in-the-wall shops have not only been selling Victor and Columbia records at 30% or more off list, but selling pirated or bootlegged brands even cheaper.*

Free Players. The man who had done more than anyone else to bring on the war is a little-known supermerchant of cut-

* The New York supreme court last month enjoined Paradox Industries from pirating any more of Columbia's records under its impenetrable "Jolly Roger" label (TIME, Feb. 11), ordered it to surrender all duplications on hand, plus any master records or tape recordings from which further records could be made.



Why they call this pipe

*America's No. 1 Tax Saver

TOP TAX SAVER is cast iron pipe in the water distribution systems of cities and towns throughout America. Beyond question, long-lived cast iron pipe is saving taxpayers millions of dollars.

Leading waterworks engineers estimate the useful life of cast iron pipe at 4 to 5 times the average term of a water revenue bond issue. They base their estimates on the fact that over 35 American cities have cast iron mains in service that were installed more than 100 years ago. Moreover, a survey sponsored by three waterworks associations shows that 96% of all cast iron pipe, six-inch and larger, ever laid in 25 typical cities, is still in service.

When you consider that over 95% of America's water distribution systems are constructed with long-lived cast iron pipe, can you doubt that it is *America's No. 1 Tax Saver*? Cast Iron Pipe Research Association, Thos. F. Wolfe, Managing Director, 122 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago 3.

America's oldest functioning water main is in its 135th year of service in Philadelphia's distribution system. Cast iron, of course.



CAST IRON

CAST IRON PIPE

America's No. 1 Tax Saver

©1952, Cast Iron Pipe Research Association

price records close to Times Square named Sam Goody. "I'm the bad boy," Sam Goody, 48, cheerfully admits. He also insists that he has passed Liberty as the No. 1 record seller. When long-playing records first appeared in 1947, Goody was selling about \$200,000 worth of records a year in a small shop. Goody, deciding that LPs were the coming thing, dumped most of his stock of 78-r.p.m.s at 50% off. To push the LPs, he offered them at 30% discount. He threw in an LP attachment free with every \$25 worth of records, to date has given away 20,000. He flooded schools and colleges with direct-mail literature touting his 30% discounts: word-of-mouth advertising did the rest. His sales shot up to an estimated \$1,900,000 last year; in the first two months of 1952, they ran at a 28% higher rate. Goody has another dollar-catching trick. All retailers are allowed to return 5% of their purchases, but Goody claims he sells so fast that he never needs the full credit. However, he buys up distress merchandise of other dealers at bargain prices, then turns it in at full credit on his 5% allowance.

Supermarket. Goody has no salesmen and no listening-booths in his huge store, only self-serve shelves and a big directory in front, telling where everything can be found. Three adding-machine operators check out the customers, as in a supermarket. He now does 60% of his entire business by mail, has given retailers jitters as far away as Chicago.

Some record sellers predicted that the price cutting will wash the small retailer down the drain, since he is unable to get the volume to compete with Goody's phenomenally low (8%) markup. The manufacturers themselves, drawing lessons from Goody's demonstration of what big volume and low markups can do, may trim their own prices.

ALIEN PROPERTY

Uncle Sam Sells

One of the biggest prizes seized by the Office of Alien Property during the war was the German-owned Schering Corp. of New Jersey. Under Francis Cabell Brown, Government-appointed president and former corporation lawyer, chemical and drug sales steadily climbed from \$2.8 million in 1942 to last year's \$15.4 million. Earnings per share rose from 43¢ to \$3.12. Schering was the second company to put cortisone on the market, has marketed new sulfa and penicillin products, holds a prominent place in the anti-histamine field, has introduced several important new drugs, including "Dormison" (for insomnia), and "Prantal" (for peptic ulcers).

Two months ago, prodded by Congress, OAP put Schering up for sale. Last week it was sold to the highest bidder, brokerage firms Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Beane, Kidder, Peabody & Co., and Drexel & Co., who had joined with more than 70 other investment houses to make the bid. Price: \$29,131,960. The high price surprised Wall Street, since Schering stock has a book value of about \$26 a share, against the syndicate's bid of about



*Fairfax continuous towels used by Twin Coach Company are serviced by Diamond Towel Supply Company of Akron, Ohio.

Twin Coach Installed Cotton Towels* to Eliminate Fire Hazard and Keep Washrooms Tidier



Here's How

Linen Supply Works...

You buy nothing . . . your linen supply dealer supplies everything. The low cost includes cabinets, pick-up and delivery, provides automatic supply of freshly laundered towels and uniforms. Quantities can be increased or decreased on short notice. Local service is listed in your classified book under SERVILINEN, LINEN SUPPLY or TOWEL SUPPLY.

• The Twin Coach Company, Incorporated of Kent, Ohio, is the world's largest builder of city buses powered by propane gas. This company supplies buses to transit companies throughout the world. Pictured above is one of their latest models built for the Chicago Transit Authority. The company is currently celebrating its 25th Anniversary. Management changed over to cotton towels to eliminate fire hazard . . . tidier washrooms were the end result at lower cost to the company. Twin Coach employees are happier, too, with the greater comfort of soft, absorbent cotton towels.

Whatever your towel problem . . . whether you operate a factory, institution, office or store . . . you can be sure that soft, gentle, absorbent cotton towels will do the best job in promoting employee morale, building customer good will, increasing tidiness in your washrooms and cleanliness among your employees. Cotton towel service is economical, it's efficient and it's a sign of good management.

Fairfax Towels

Clean Cotton Towels...

Sure Sign of Good Management

A PRODUCT OF WEST POINT MANUFACTURING CO. • WELLINGTON SEARS CO., SELLING AGENTS, 65 WORTH ST., NEW YORK 13
TIME, MARCH 17, 1952



Reduces Food-Keeping Costs 45%! Commissary Manager Praises Frigidaire Meter-Misers

PORTSMOUTH, VIRGINIA—"The three Frigidaire Meter-Miser compressors which replaced our old refrigerating mechanisms are saving us over \$65 a year on operating and maintenance costs alone," says H. E. Jennings, manager of Fitzgerald Co., commissary. "These Frigidaire compressors maintain proper temperatures at all times, use less current and give us no service troubles. Our Frigidaire Dealer, Fred Smith, of Norfolk, was most sincere in his recommendation of Frigidaire Meter-Misers when our old equipment failed."



Meter-Miser Compressor

FREE! See how you can cut your costs—*increase your profits.* Call your Frigidaire Dealer today for a free Refrigeration Security Analysis of your refrigeration equipment. Or write Frigidaire Division of General Motors, Dayton 1, Ohio.

FRIGIDAIRE—America's No. 1 Line of Refrigeration and Air Conditioning Products

For the behind-the-scenes maneuvers—the inside story and the important developments in this year's election campaign read



every week.



NAUSEA

due to high altitudes,
speed and sudden
changes, relieved with

...helps to control
nausea of balance.
Quiets the nerves.



THE WORLD OVER



THE 1952 NASH AMBASSADOR
Unstuffed by a fender bender.

DESIGNER FARINA

\$66. This week the syndicate is splitting the 440,000 shares four to one, will put them in the market at \$17.50 each, or almost three times the actual book value of the split shares.

The price seemed high, especially as Schering no longer holds any exclusive patents, chief protection for the income of a drug company. Two months ago, on the same day the Government announced Schering's sale, it released the 215 formulas held by Schering prior to 1942 to any U.S. citizen who wants to use them. All patents developed since 1942 would be leased out for a "reasonable royalty." But the syndicate isn't worried. It plans to keep the present research-minded management, is counting on Schering's chemists for more new formulas.

AUTOS

Beau Nash

When independent U.S. automakers started their postwar sales race, Nash got off to a slow start. It clunked along with an overstuffed, bathtublike car while Studebaker lengthened its lead in the No. 1 independent position behind the Big Three. But this week Nash took the wraps off a new 1952 model that made motorists and competitors sit up & take notice.

The new Nash Statesman and Ambassador (Nash's small car, the Rambler, is essentially unchanged) are clean and speedy-looking, with sloping hoods that give them greater road vision than many other U.S. cars. The new models have 25% more window space than last year's and the widest seats on the road (64-in. rear seat, 65-in. front), although the body is only 1 inch wider.

Nash's new look came from a new designer, Italy's Pinin Farina, who has made his name as a high-priced custom builder of auto bodies for Indian rajahs, Persian shahs, etc. All such cars, no matter whether the chassis are Rolls-Royces, Alfa Romeos, Fiats, etc., are usually known as "Farinas." Pudge, nervous Designer Farina, who has 650 workers in his Turin plant, always looks as if he had just crawled out from under a car (as he usually has). Unlike most auto designers, who work with clay mockups, Farina works with sheet aluminum, which he hammers into shape on wooden frames. He is accen-

tionately called by Nash "the world's greatest fender bender." Farina lives more like a mechanic than a high-priced designer, sleeps in a room in which a bed is the only piece of furniture, a naked bulb the only light. He allows himself one luxury: a window air-conditioning unit.

Besides the new Nash sedans, Farina has also sleeked up the racing-type Nash-Healey sport roadster which Nash brought out last year. This year Nash will make 200 to sell at slightly more than last year's \$4,200.

WALL STREET

More Risk Capital

Though businessmen complain of a shortage of risk capital, the SEC last week reported that in 1951 corporations floated \$7.8 billion worth of new securities, more than \$1 billion above the 1950 total and equal to the alltime high in 1929. The new securities were more speculative than in recent years, chiefly as a result of the bull market. From 1940 to 1945, the SEC noted, only 16.1% of the new issues were common stock; the rest were bonds and preferred stock. But in the past six years, the common stock share of the total has jumped to 30.7%.

HIGH FINANCE

How to Make a Buck

At a luncheon in Washington, John Albert Broadus Broadwater, president of the Capital Transit Co., rose to state his business philosophy. "Capital Transit," he said, is not "a philanthropic organization whose trustees have dedicated its income to the public service," it is in business to make money. Most public-utility men, said Broadwater last week, are "scared somebody will accuse them of making a dollar. What in the hell goes on here in America? That's what we're here for, to make money."

Nobody has kept Broadwater, 56, a sharp-tongued South Carolinian, from making money. In his 23 years with Capital Transit, profits have more than quadrupled, dividends have doubled. Recently Broadwater raised them again (by 40%). In fact, he and his friends have found an unsuspected gold mine under Capital Transit's tracks.

Unmined Riches. Actually, the gold was there all the time, but Broadwater was one of the few who had the eye to see it in Capital's balance sheet. He had made and lost a fortune in Florida real estate, spent many a lean year ("I saw the time when I couldn't pay my grocery bill") until World War II found him with an interest in the war-rich Tampa Shipbuilding Co. In it, he made a lasting alliance with Florida Industrialist Louis Wolfson, 40, who had made millions from a grab bag of enterprises, ranging from ships, bridges, movie theaters, and plumbing supplies to selling scrap iron.* For \$2,000,000 in 1945, he scooped up a surplus shipyard which cost the Government \$20 million, liquidated it and cleared more than \$4,000,000.

In 1949, Broadwater and Wolfson saw their big chance to parlay their stakes. North American Co., the famed holding company pyramid built by Harrison Williams (TIME, Jan. 21), was under court order to sell its 45.6% controlling interest in Capital Transit, which runs all the streetcars and buses in Washington, D.C. The stock, which had paid only a 50¢ dividend in 1948, was selling for less than \$20 a share. Broadwater & friends bought all 109,458 shares owned by North American at \$20 apiece, with Wolfson putting up almost half of the \$2,189,160 required. Broadwater and seven others raised the rest.

As far as Washington's rate-conscious Public Utilities Commission was concerned, the company wasn't worth very

* Wolfson contributed "in excess of \$150,000" to Democrat Fuller Warren's successful campaign in 1948 for governor. Manhattan's Merritt-Chapman & Scott, of which Wolfson is board chairman, now has a \$3,588,050 contract building the bridge substructure for Jacksonville's new \$50 million expressway. The firm, whose total backlog is \$40 million, has many big projects outside Florida, including part of California's \$30 million Folsom Dam.



Walter Bennett

CAPITAL TRANSIT'S BROADWATER
"We're here to make money."

This announcement appears for purposes of record only. The Notes have not been, and are not being, offered to the public.

New Issue

\$75,000,000

American Cyanamid Company

3¾% Promissory Notes, due January 1, 1987

Subject to the terms and conditions of Loan Agreements, negotiated by the undersigned, certain institutional investors have entered into commitments to make loans to the Company in the above-mentioned aggregate amount.

WHITE, WELD & CO.

NEW YORK

CHICAGO

BOSTON

PHILADELPHIA

NEW HAVEN

PROVIDENCE

LONDON

AMSTERDAM

March 3, 1952

This announcement is neither an offer to sell nor a solicitation of an offer to buy any of these securities. The offering is made only by the applicable Prospectus.

NEW ISSUES

El Paso Natural Gas Company

100,000 Shares 5.36% Cumulative Preferred Stock
(Par Value \$100 per Share)

Price \$100 per Share
plus accrued dividends from March 1, 1952

100,000 Shares \$4.40 Convertible Second Preferred Stock, Series of 1952
(No Par Value—Convertible to and including June 30, 1962)

Transferable Subscription Warrants evidencing rights to subscribe for shares of \$4.40 Convertible Second Preferred Stock have been issued by the Company to holders of its Common Stock, which Warrants expire at 3 o'clock P. M., Eastern Standard Time, on March 18, 1952, as is more fully set forth in the Prospectus. During and after the subscription period, shares of \$4.40 Convertible Second Preferred Stock may be offered by the undersigners as set forth in the Prospectus.

Subscription Price to Warrant Holders
\$100 per Share

Copies of the applicable Prospectus may be obtained in any State in which this announcement is circulated from only such of the undersigners, including the undersigned, as may legally offer these securities in compliance with the securities laws of such State.

White, Weld & Co.

Stone & Webster Securities Corporation The First Boston Corporation Lehman Brothers

A. G. Becker & Co.
Incorporated

Blyth & Co., Inc.

Glore, Fergan & Co.

Kidder, Peabody & Co.

Smith, Barney & Co.

Union Securities Corporation

March 4, 1952.

This announcement is neither an offer to sell nor a solicitation of an offer to buy any of these Securities. The offer is made only by the Prospectus.

The American Tobacco Company

\$50,000,000 Twenty-five Year 3 1/4% Debentures

Dated February 1, 1952

Due February 1, 1977

Interest payable semi-annually February 1 and August 1 in New York City

Price 99% and Accrued Interest

1,075,685 Shares Common Stock

(par value \$25)

Rights, evidenced by subscription warrants, to subscribe for these shares have been issued by the Company to its common stockholders, which rights will expire at 3 o'clock P.M. Eastern Standard Time on March 24, 1952, all as more fully set forth in the Prospectus.

Subscription Price to Warrant Holders \$52 a Share

The several underswriters may offer shares of Common Stock at prices not less than the Subscription Price set forth above (less, in the case of sales to dealers, the concession allowed to dealers) and not more than either the last sale or the current offering price on the New York Stock Exchange, whichever is greater, plus an amount equal to the commission of the New York Stock Exchange.

Copies of the Prospectus may be obtained from only such of the undersigned as may legally offer these Securities in compliance with the securities laws of the respective States.

MORGAN STANLEY & CO.

THE FIRST BOSTON CORPORATION

SMITH, BARNEY & CO.

HARRIMAN RIPLEY & CO.

BLUTH & CO., INC.

KIDDER, PEARBODY & CO.

Incorporated

LEHMAN BROTHERS

GOLDMAN, SACHS & CO.

UNION SECURITIES CORPORATION

LAZARD FRERES & CO.

STONE & WEBSTER SECURITIES CORPORATION

WHITE, WELD & CO.

GLORE, FORGAN & CO.

MERRILL LYNCH, PIERCE, FENNER & BEANE

F. S. MOSELEY & CO.

DREXEL & CO.

LEE HIGGINSON CORPORATION

CLARK, DODGE & CO.

DOMINICK & DOMINICK

HEMPHILL, NOYES, GRAHAM, PARSONS & CO.

BORNBLOWER & WEEKS

W. E. HUTTON & CO.

PAINE, WEBBER, JACKSON & CURTIS

WERTHEIM & CO.

DEAN WITTER & CO.

March 6, 1952.

much. To keep the rates down, the commission had kept whittling away at Capital Transit's "official valuation," and had refused to recognize that inflation had increased its value. Nevertheless, the company was able to pile up some \$7,000,000 in surplus. Broadwater, Wolfson & friends* used this money to start boosting the dividends.

The stock paid \$2 a share in 1949, but in 1950, when the company earned \$3.77, the new managers paid out \$3, a 50% rise. Last year, when it earned \$5.06, they paid out \$4 a share. The stock went soaring, and it was split four shares for one. In January, Broadwater used \$2,400,000 of the surplus to pay out a special \$2.50 dividend on the new stock, equivalent to \$10 a share on the old. And recently he boosted the 35¢ quarterly rate on the new stock to 35¢, equivalent to a pre-split rate of \$5.60 a year. So far, Broadwater had declared a total of \$19.40 in dividends on the stock that he, Wolfson & friends bought 2½ years ago for \$30 a share. And the split stock is selling for \$14 a share. Thus, Broadwater & friends almost have their investment back, plus paper profits of about \$6,500,000. Broadwater's critics charge that he is letting the company go downhill in what one of them, Colorado's Senator Edwin C. Johnson, called a "scuttle and run" operation.

New Pay Out? With \$4,000,000 (including \$3,000,000 held against bonded debt) of the old surplus still intact in the kitty, Broadwater is already talking of paying out another special dividend, and raising the dividend rate on the new stock to \$1.50 a year. Money-making Capital Transit could do this handily if the regulating commission would allow it to get a 7½% return on investment instead of the present 6½%. Last week Broadwater challenged the commission to grant such a rise or let the city buy the company. Says he: "If they won't let us make money, let them operate the streetcars themselves."

CORPORATIONS

Waltham Ticks Again

As the onetime star salesman for the Gruen Watch Co., Teviah Sachs, 49, knows the watch business as intimately as a watchmaker knows a 17-jewel movement. But when Sachs offered to put up \$100,000 of his own money two years ago, to keep the bankrupt Waltham Watch Corp. from closing, it looked as if he had let his prudence run down. In return for his investment, Sachs got 1) 400,000 shares of common stock, 2) a chance to boss the reorganized company* as president, and 3) a suit from protesting stockholders. Last week the U.S. Supreme Court tossed out their protest, made Sachs's legal command of Waltham airtight.

Sachs had already gone far toward put-

* Among them: Notre Dame's football coach, Frank Leahy, who held 4,700 shares in 1950.

† Under the reorganization, stockholders will receive rights to buy one share of new common at \$1 for each three shares already held.

FEEL BETTER FAST!

BAYER

ASPIRIN

RELIEVES

PAIN AND DISCOMFORT OF

COLDS




BAD NIGHT?

Take Tums-

feel RIGHT!

Relieve acid indigestion,
gas, sour stomach,
almost instantly

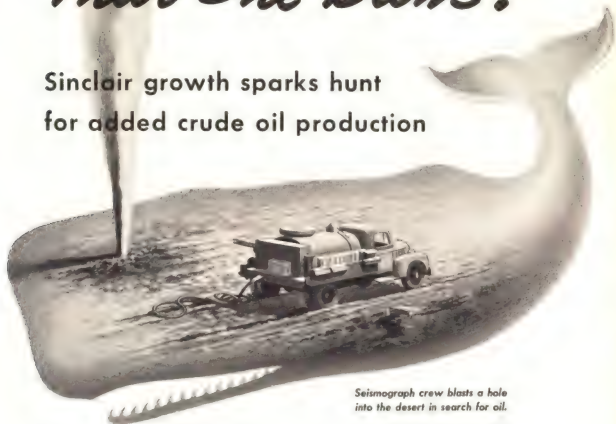


10¢
Handy Roll
3-roll package, 23¢

for the tummy

Thar She Blows!

Sinclair growth sparks hunt
for added crude oil production



*Seismograph crew blasts a hole
into the desert in search for oil.*

When oil for America's lamps
was extracted from whale blubber,
first you had to find the whale.
Today, when America's thirst for gasoline
and other petroleum products
is well-nigh insatiable, the first problem
is to find crude oil.

To help satisfy this demand,
Sinclair is expending hundreds of millions
of dollars in a comprehensive program
to increase its crude oil production and

to accumulate sufficient reserves
to supply future requirements.

The Company's program to meet
the demands of its expanding markets
is another assurance of
Sinclair's continued progress. And
another reason why
Sinclair is . . . a great name in oil.

SINCLAIR
A Great Name in Oil

SINCLAIR OIL CORPORATION • 600 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK 20, N. Y.

TIME, MARCH 17, 1952

This advertisement is not, and is under no circumstances to be construed as, an offer of these securities for sale or a solicitation of an offer to buy any of such securities. The offering is made only by the respective Prospectus relating to such securities.

NEW ISSUES

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Kuhn, Loeb & Co.

March 6, 1952.

ting the once rich company back on its feet. By unloading old watch inventories at half price, he had raised \$3,000,000, trimmed a \$4,000,000 RFC debt to \$1,500,000. He also landed a backlog of \$3,500,000 in defense orders (aircraft tachometers, compasses, etc.). With Waltham selling on the New York Curb at 2½ last week, Sachs already had a paper profit of some \$850,000 on his \$100,000 gamble in Waltham.

PERSONNEL

New Executives

Consolidated Vultee directors elected General Joseph T. McNarney (ret.), 59, as their president. McNarney was top U.S. general in the Mediterranean theater in 1944-45, later commanded all U.S. forces in Europe. After war's end, he was boss of procurement and research for the Air



PRESIDENT McNARNEY
On civilian wings.

Force at Wright Field, and from 1949 to his retirement this year, he was chairman of the Department of Defense Management Committee, a top-level military coordinating group. At Convair he succeeds La Motte Turk Cohn, 56, president since 1948, who becomes vice chairman of the board under Chairman Floyd Odum.

Into the top spot at Colonial Airlines stepped Branch T. (for Taylor) Dykes, 50, operations vice president for nine years and a Colonial director since 1944. Dykes learned to fly in the Army during World War I, later worked as a field manager for the U.S. Mail Service and regional maintenance superintendent for American Airlines. In 1941, Colonial hired him as its top maintenance man. As president, he succeeds Alfons Landa, who took the job on a fill-in basis when Sigmund Janas resigned under fire from the CAB (TIME, July 2). Last week Landa reported that Colonial had a 1951 net profit of about \$213,000 v. a \$310,000 loss in 1950.



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MILESTONES

Born. To Jeanne Crain, 26, cinematress (*Pinky, The Model and the Marriage Broker*), and Paul Brinkman, 34, radio manufacturer: their fourth child, first daughter; in Hollywood. Name: Jeanine. Weight: 7 lbs. 9 oz.

Married. Alison Attlee, 21, daughter of Britain's former Labor Prime Minister; and Captain Richard L. L. Davis, 24, agent for a paper manufacturer; in Great Missenden, England.

Remarried. George Randolph Hearst, 47, eldest son of the late publisher William Randolph Hearst; and Collette Lyons, 37, film comedienne of the '30s; to buttress the legality of a Mexican marriage ceremony performed last October; he for the fifth time, she for the second; in Los Angeles.

Divorced. By Carol Marcus Saroyan, 27; William Saroyan, 43, novelist (*My Name Is Aram*), playwright (*The Beautiful People*) and sometime songwriter (*Come On-A My House*); after a nine-year off & on marriage (divorced in 1940, they remarried last year) and two children; in Santa Monica, Calif.

Divorced. By Mary Rogers Brooks, 38, daughter of the late Will Rogers; Walter Brooks III, 37, an heir to the fortune left by his grandmother. Mrs. Edward T. Stotesbury, who paced Palm Beach society for two decades, and one-time stepson of General Douglas MacArthur, after 14 years of marriage; in Santa Monica. She claimed he became beligerently drunk at least twice a week.

Died. Giacomo Rimini, 63, voice teacher and veteran Chicago Civic Opera Co. baritone; in Chicago. After his U.S. debut in 1916, he married Soprano Rosa Raisa, formed one of the most enduring husband & wife teams in grand opera.

Died. Hans Frederick Arthur Schoenfeld, 63, career diplomat who served in twelve U.S. embassy posts throughout Europe and Latin America, held the ticklish job of Minister to Finland during most of World War II (1937-44); of a heart attack; in Washington.

Died. Charles Shannon Hand, 66, borough works commissioner for Manhattan, onetime secretary to New York's Mayor James J. Walker, publicity man for such Democratic candidates as Herbert Lehman, John N. Garner, Alfred E. Smith, Franklin D. Roosevelt; in Manhattan.

Died. Alanson P. Brush, 74, pioneer automan, early designer for the Oakland Motor Car Co. (forerunner of General Motors' Pontiac Division); in Detroit. Designer of the first Cadillac engine in 1902, he later built the Brush Runabout, one of the first autos using coil-spring suspension and built-in shock absorbers.



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But, perhaps most important of all, they appreciate the smooth, quiet ride, and the steady dependability of these Boeing-built airplanes.

Fleets of Boeing-built Stratocruisers are in service on Pan American World Airways, Northwest Airlines, United Air Lines, British Overseas Airways Corporation. For the Air Force Boeing builds the TB-50 Superfortress, B-47 Stratojet, C-97 Stratofreighter; and is now under way on the B-52 Stratofortress.

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CINEMA

The New Pictures

The Marrying Kind (Columbia), a comedy drama about a supposedly average married couple, is the kind of picture that is best described as average.

The screenplay by Ruth Gordon and Garson Kanin flashes back on Florence and Chet Keefer (Judy Holliday and Aldo Ray) as they tell a sympathetic lady judge (Madge Kennedy) about the troubles that led them to the divorce court after seven years of marriage and two children. Among their problems: 1) Aldo was once late to pick up Judy for a party, 2) Judy lost a \$2,600 radio jackpot because Aldo tipped her on the wrong tune title when



RAY & HOLLIDAY
From wry to rueful.

she knew the right one all along, and 3) Aldo was jealous.

After being so determinedly wry, the picture suddenly turns rueful when the Keefers' six-year-old son drowns at a picnic. From then on the movie never quite makes up its mind whether to be comedy or tragedy, and it never makes anything much of its two central characters. As they shape up on the screen, they seem not so much average as sub-average.

Under George (Born Yesterday) Cukor's direction, Judy Holliday is still playing dumb Billie Dawn, while Newcomer Aldo Ray is just a nice husky guy with an even huskier voice. The plot reconciles them at the end on the questionable grounds that they have a way of life worth saving, but by that time the wordy script has divorced itself from its theme.

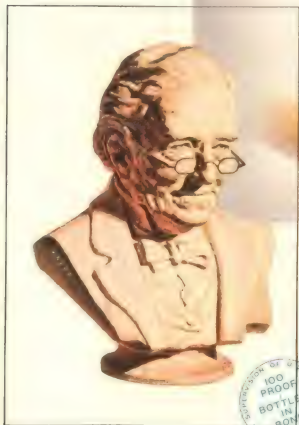
Navajo (Hall Bartlett; Lippert) is a low-budget picture with the high-minded aim of giving moviegoers an insight into the problems of the modern Navajo Indian.

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world, the picture offers no feathers, war whoops or ceremonial dances, but it unfortunately uses some stock movie devices. Little Son of the Hunter, who speaks no English and is resentful of white men, runs away from the Chinle school and is pursued by a friendly Government teacher and a Ute interpreter. After a protracted, melodramatic chase through colorful Arizona country, one of the men is injured on a steep canyon slope. At this point, the picture drops its real problem in favor of artificial plot: the boy abruptly reconciles himself to white civilization in a finish that



FRANCIS KELLER AS SON OF THE HUNTER
Could he flee the white man's world?

is psychologically and sociologically lame.

Independently produced on a shoestring (\$100,000) by 29-year-old Actor Hall Bartlett (who also appears in the picture as the schoolteacher), *Navajo* was filmed on the Navajo Indian Reservation in northern Arizona with a cast of unaffected amateurs headed by Francis Tee Keller, who is appealing as Little Son of the Hunter. For all its grandeur of setting, strikingly recorded in Virgil Miller's camera work of the Canyon of Death and Great Rock Canyon, *Navajo* wanders too far off its modest reservation to be really first-rate as either documentary or drama.

Two Imports

A Tale of Five Women [Grand National: United Artists] was filmed in five European countries with five different actresses, directors, screenwriters and cameramen. The result does not quite add up to one good picture.

The film is based on a case of amnesia curiously contracted by an R.A.F. officer (Bomar Colleano) who takes off from a chandeller while celebrating in a Berlin bistro. Believed to be an American, he is shipped back to a U.S. rehabilitation center. There a pretty magazine editor (Barbara Kelly) finds a clue to his past in a photograph of a child and banknotes from

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five European countries, each with the signature of a different girl.

Sponsored by the magazine under the catch-line "Mystery of the Missing Memory," the amnesia victim sets out on a European tour to find his supposed wife and child and to establish his identity. After meeting all five girls (played by Italy's Gina Lollobrigida, Hungary's Eva Bartok, Germany's Karin Himbold, France's Anne Vernon and England's Lana Morris), he discovers what has been obvious all along: he is 1) unmarried, 2) in love with the magazine editor.

Though the backgrounds change, all the girls look pretty much the same in a succession of tight-fitting outfits and loosely written and directed episodes. The airman's country-bumpkin reaction to the leading ladies and the five locales has neither originality nor wit. Typical bit of dialogue: "London—good-looking city, huh? I wish it wuz mine!"

The Woman in Question (J. Arthur Rank; Columbia) poses the riddle of who strangled Astra (Jean Kent), the blonde, bosomy fortuneteller at a British seaside resort. The suspects: a Cockney housekeeper (Hermione Baddeley), Astra's sister (Susan Shaw), her fiancé (Dirk Bogarde), a jealous sailor (John McCallum), an elderly bird-shop proprietor (Charles Victor).

Before the murder is solved, the quintet has given the police conflicting accounts of Astra ranging from charming lady to alcoholic strumpet. Like the Japanese-made *Rashomon* (TIME, Jan. 7), *The Woman in Question* is a series of variations on a theme; but unlike *Rashomon*, it has no cinematic point of view and makes no particular point. With its overabundant dialogue, *The Woman in Question* finally becomes a murder movie that talks itself to death.

CURRENT & CHOICE

Rashomon. A powerful Japanese film about an ancient crime of passion, told with barbaric force (TIME, Jan. 7).

Decision Before Dawn. A spy drama, semi-documentary in flavor, set against the spiritual and physical chaos of Germany on the eve of defeat in World War II (TIME, Dec. 24).

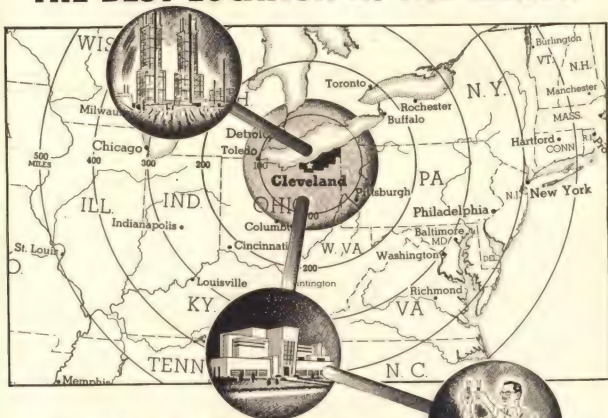
Miracle in Milan. A witty, warmhearted fantasy about the brotherhood of man, inventively directed by Italy's Vittorio (The Bicycle Thief) De Sica (TIME, Dec. 17).

Quo Vadis. Christianity v. paganism in Nero's Rome in the costliest (\$6,500,000) movie ever made; with 30,000 extras, 63 lions, Robert Taylor and Deborah Kerr (TIME, Nov. 10).

Detective Story. Playwright Sidney Kingsley's account of a day in a Manhattan detective squad room still swirls with melodrama under William Wyler's direction (TIME, Oct. 20).

An American in Paris. Imaginative boy-meets-girl musical in Technicolor, with songs by George Gershwin, dances by Gene Kelly and Leslie Caron (TIME, Oct. 8).

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Man Under Pressure

LOOK DOWN IN MERCY (308 pp.)—Walter Baxter—Putnam (\$3.50).

"Courage," Ernest Hemingway once said, "is grace under pressure." *Look Down in Mercy* is a tale of disgrace under pressure. In an uncommonly good first novel, Author Walter Baxter tells the story of an ordinary British captain and how his codes and courage crack wide open under the strain of retreat, ambush and torture in Burma in World War II.

Himself a company commander of a British outfit in the early Burma fighting, Author Baxter writes with authority and unblinking candor. His book is not for the squeamish. No one has brought back a truer, tougher fictional report on jungle

"streamers of gut sticking to the bare legs." When the Japanese officer shouts, "You, now!" Kent blurts out everything he knows.

An air raid sends the Japs scurrying and allows Kent to save his skin. One man escapes with him, his young orderly, Anson. The two men make a long hike to safety, but one night, with shells and men screaming around him, Kent puts his arms around Anson. Before Captain Kent's war is over, he has sunk himself in a degrading attachment, killed a man who threatened to expose him, and made a fainthearted try at suicide.

Whether very much can be salvaged from the wreck of Captain Anthony Kent is problematical, but Author Baxter lets him live for a try. It is nearly the only mercy in Author Baxter's book.



Historical Pictures

BERING DISCOVERS ALASKA
The Russians were not impressed.

warfare since Norman Mailer wrote *The Naked and the Dead*. But the shocks in *Look Down in Mercy* are shocks of event minus droning obscenities. Novelist Baxter writes his story of the crackup of Captain Anthony Kent with what restraint he can.

Captain Kent begins dropping his ethical ballast well before he reaches combat. The first value to go is fidelity. Kent loves the wife he left in England and has told himself he will be faithful to her. But the night comes when, sodden with gin and boredom, he seduces a Eurasian girl, mistaking her gasps of pain for pleasure. Afterwards, he loathes himself and the girl.

Kent wants to be a good company commander, but when he is not panicky he is petty. Worse for him, capture and torture show him up as a coward. Kicked and loathsome humiliated, Kent reaches but refuses to reveal more than his name, rank and serial number. Then he is shown one of his enlisted men decapitated, and another strung up nude and bayoneted.

Voyage to the Aleutians

THE AMERICAN EXPEDITION (236 pp.)—Sven Waxell—Macmillan (\$3).

Where lie the farthest limits of northern Asia? Peter the Great did not know, and he wanted to. So, in 1725, Czar Peter sent a Dane named Vitus Bering and 33 men to poke around in Kamchatka, and especially to find out whether a land bridge connected Asia and North America. Bering proved the continents separate by sailing through the straits between them, but Peter's successor, the Empress Anne, was not altogether convinced.

In 1732 she dispatched a party which grew to an imposing 3,000 men, again under Bering's command, to explore the Arctic coast and the north rim of the Pacific, to reconnoiter the western verges of the New World—and, just incidentally, to develop the whole of Siberia into a profitable community. Despite its pretentious objectives, Bering's second expedi-

tion was one of the most extensive and successful enterprises ever carried out in the name of science for the sake of imperialism; and so the Russians, with a genius for reverse publicity, ignored or suppressed many of its fascinating details until they sank from memory like a shower of stars in the long Siberian night.

Almost 200 years later, in 1938, the Leningrad State Library acquired the MS of a full report written by an eyewitness. This week, in a good translation by M. A. Michael, *The American Expedition*, by Sven Waxell, one of Bering's chief lieutenants, was published in the U.S.

Blue Faces. Waxell, born a Swede, joined the Russian navy in 1726 and the Bering expedition in 1733, bringing his wife and son along. It took the stragglers army of human whatnots (adventurers, scientists, convict laborers, shipwrights, camp followers) almost five slogging years to cross the 4,000 miles of Siberia and join up in Okhotsk. There, in Arctic cold, the expedition built a large base and a small fleet. One squadron sailed south to study Japan; two ships, one of them carrying Bering with Waxell as his second in command, put out into uncharted seas to explore America from the west.

Waxell saw his first North Americans on an Aleutian island. The faces of some were painted blue, he says, and they were "screeching" at each other at the top of their lungs. The Russians sent men ashore to parley. The Aleuts held one of them captive, and tried with unmannerly glee to drag the Russian longboat on to the rocks by its painter. Waxell called for musketry, aimed high; the Aleuts fell flat on their faces from shock. All in all, the Russians were unimpressed with the inhabitants of the Western Hemisphere, especially with their custom of plugging the nose with tough grass: "When they took this out, it gave off a quantity of fluid which they licked up with their tongues."

Among the fogbanks and willwaws of the Aleutians, Bering's flagship, the *St. Peter*, wandered for five months without true bearings. Food ran low. Scurvy struck. Bering and many of his crew lay helplessly rotting in their bunks. Waxell, hardly able to stand, took command. The ship was falling apart beneath him for want of able-bodied men to repair her, when at last, on Nov. 5, 1741, the *St. Peter* anchored off the barren Komandorskie isle (250 miles northwest of Attu) now called by Bering's name.

Plank Burial. Waxell ordered the well to carry the sick out of the fetid hold on to the wind-ripped shore. Many of them died almost as soon as the fresh air struck their lungs; blue foxes, which swarmed over the island, ate their hands and feet before they could be buried. The living crouched in sandpits near the beach, and there—without strength to move the men who died beside them, with little food except for sea otters and seals that they were able to kill, open to all weathers, and to winds of gale force—spent the whole of an Arctic winter.

Bering himself died in December and, strapped to a plank, was shoved into the



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soft sand until he disappeared. Only a little more than half the crew lived to see the spring. Under Waxeli's command they broke up the old *St. Peter*, which had crashed ashore soon after they landed, and built themselves a hooker. By August all was ready, the survivors set sail, and two weeks later hove into Petropavlovsk with "joy and heartfelt delight." North America must have seemed a poor bargain to the Russians. Eventually, they were to sell out their share of it—Alaska's 586.00 square miles—for about 2¢ an acre.

Swamp Idyll

QUIVERING EARTH (248 pp.)—Wilma Russ—McKay (\$3).

Like many of her fellow U.S. citizens (an estimated 1,000,000), Mrs. Wilma Russ of Marianna, Fla. had written a lot of fiction in her early years without ever getting any of it published. Since she had reached middle age, it seemed less & less likely that any of it ever would be. So when the Boy Scouts came around collecting wastepaper, Mrs. Russ philosophically donated a boxful of her manuscripts. Obeying some obscure impulse, she held back one unfinished novel. When her duties as a small-hotel owner permitted, she finished it and called it *Quivering Earth*.

For Author Russ, it was a lucky hunch. *Quivering Earth* finally brought her the heady experience of first publication. What it brings to the reader is a story of the Florida Everglades that has more heart than art. So long as the heart beats firmly (about half the distance), this story of the big swamp has the endearing ingenuousness of a primitive painting, and some of the lushness.

In 1898, to a lazy, middle-aged loner like Jesse Geronimo Gundyhill, the Everglades were a paradise on earth. Food was everywhere. In a matter of minutes he could have him a royal feast of turkey, fish and exotic fruits. A little hunting produced the pelts and hides for trading. Jesse's ignorance was colossal. He couldn't read, write or count and he didn't know what year it was. But he had a good life and he knew it.

Jesse's troubles began when he picked up a white child of six or seven who had somehow escaped during an Indian raid. Keeta was a nuisance, but she also became a wonderful, silent audience for the old man's boastful, preposterous yarns. Author Russ is at her best describing the uneasy but affectionate relationship between the two, the child's awareness of the 'Glades' endless beauties and dangers as she grows up. Few writers have had much luck in trying to describe a lonely child of nature in a natural setting. Author Russ does better than most. But just as swamp drainage and encroaching civilization tarnish Jesse Geronimo Gundyhill's idyllic way of life, so do they cheapen the second half of *Quivering Earth*. Jesse and Keeta wind up in a boom town, and in final chapters as lurid and contrived as the first are lyrical and artless. Jesse finds his long-lost children and the woman who bore them.



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while Keeta gets herself just about the nicest man in Florida. Its last part reads as though some publishing expert finally explained to Author Russ what it takes to get a book published these days.

Young Man with a Horn

ALL I COULD NEVER BE (348 pp.)—*Beverley Nichols—Dutton* (\$4).

It was a sunny June evening in the hectic '30s. In his Westminster house, Beverley Nichols, man of letters, was arraying himself in exquisite evening dress: "Tails by Lesley and Roberts in Hanover Square, waistcoat by Hawes and Curtis . . . silk hat by Locke . . . monk shoes by Fortnum and Mason's . . . crystal and diamond links by Boucheron . . . gold cigarette case by Asprey . . . a drop of rose geranium on my handkerchief." But Beverley was not at ease. While he dressed and



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What could a playboy do?

sipped a sidecar, he stared into his mirror and asked himself anxiously: "What is wrong with you? Why aren't you happy?"

The answer reached Beverley (like most of his answers) in the form of a three-decker cliché. He was unhappy because "the clouds were gathering over Europe . . . the tragedy of Geneva hastening to its final act . . . the disciples of rearmament beginning to raise their voices." And what, if anything, could a playboy like Beverley do to disperse the clouds, delay the final act, silence the raised voices? *All I Could Never Be*, Nichols' second autobiographical book, tells exactly what Beverley did; but, as it is well spiced with rose-geranium anecdotes and set against a backdrop of Mayfair and Riviera high life, its place on the library shelf is beside Noel Coward and Sir Osbert Sitwell rather than beside Oswald Spengler and St. Augustine.

Caviar & Melba. Beverley began his glamorous career (in 1921) as a reporter for London's gaudy *Sunday Dispatch*. The



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aim of this journal was to supply its readers with "an astonishing array of obscure countesses, viscountesses and . . . wives of baronets, all pontificating with monotonous regularity on the problems of the hour." As many of these noble ladies were "barely literate," it was up to Beverley to invent their opinions in order to have something to report. The rest of his job was writing what the *Dispatch* called "caviar-and-champagne" items, e.g., MYSTERY DOCTOR DENIES KNOWLEDGE OF COUNTESS; ARAB PRINCE'S STRANGE HOBBY.

It was a happy day for Beverley when the *Dispatch* dispatched him on an interview with Prima Donna Nellie Melba, to get her views on a currently newsy murder. They became good friends; she introduced him to high society, and he, in return, tried to write her autobiography for her. He found it hard sledding:

"When I asked her to give me a few frank words about Tetraxini . . . she waved her hands and said: 'Say she was a charming artist! A delicious artist!'

"I pointed out that only yesterday Melba had said she looked like a cook and faked all her top notes.

"I can't possibly say things like that. I must be generous."

"Then what shall we say about Caruso?"

"Say he was a charming artist! A great voice! A superb voice!"

"But what about his habit of squeaking rubber balls in your ear when you were dying in the last act of *Bohème*?"

"Really! I couldn't say such things! So vulgar!"

Beverley soon realized that he was writing the wrong autobiography; he wrote his own instead. *Twenty-Five* was jam-packed with caviar and champagne. It made Beverley one of London's most popular society reporters.

Havoc & Confession. Thereafter, Beverley met everyone, from Gertrude Stein (like "seeing Gibraltar at dawn") to Queen Elizabeth (he played her a Chopin étude when she was Duchess of York). But the person who turned his glamorous life upside down was Journalist Dorothy Woodman (wife of *New Statesman* Editor Kingsley Martin), who convinced him in the twinkling of an eye that war was just "a racket." Beverley had found the "cause" he needed to balance his "idiotic life" as a bright young thing. The book that resulted from his conversion, *Cry Havoc* (1933), proved to be one of the influential works of the decade. Like a match to a bonfire, it touched off, as he says himself, "the frenzied debates . . . in which the youth of England swore never to fight for King and country."

Beverley himself became conscious of a religious urge, and found his way into Dr. Frank Buchman's "Oxford Group." Beverley was not impressed by Leader Buchman, who was "so slick and starched and glossy that he suggested an American dentist: one felt he was always on the point of saying 'Open wide!'" But he fell for the Groupers' open-wide habit of confessing their sins to each other—until the disillusioning day when he himself tried to



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confess to a young lady-Grouper. With a scream of "Oh, really!" his confessor "shot away like a frightened deer."

A Hatlike Hothouse. With "great sobs tearing me to pieces," Beverley was soon carted off to a mental home, suffering from a nervous breakdown. He feared he was going mad—"But if I am . . ." he assured a friend, "I might as well do it with a certain amount of chic." Instead of going mad, he took the more dangerous course of hunting up a new cause, which he found in the "underdog" condition of the British proletariat. "In the old pacifist days I wanted to blow up the War Office . . . Under the . . . Oxford Group I wanted to drag people to church by the scruff of their necks, and now . . . I felt like marching through Claridge's with a banner proclaiming the doom of the rich."

Fortunately, *News of England* (1938), Beverley's proletarian polemic, was his last causal fling. While other Britons dug trenches in the parks and queued for gas masks, he turned to creating something that would "defend . . . small and beautiful things against . . . the mass ugliness and beastliness of the herd." His labors resulted in a domed, flood-lit hothouse, planned to resemble "a gigantic reproduction of one of Queen Mary's hats."

Today, at 52, Beverley is soberer, but no whit less naive, than when he wrote *Twenty-Five*. Most of *All I Could Never Be* is far too simple and sorry to stir up any ruckuses; the rest of it is first-rate gossip. The only ax it has to grind is Beverley himself.

RECENT & READABLE

The Goshawk, by T. H. White. What one man discovered about hawks, and himself, when he set out to learn the medieval art of hawking (TIME, March 10).

The Letters of Private Wheeler. An absorbing record of life in the British army during the Napoleonic wars, as told in the recently discovered letters of a sharp-eyed Somerset infantryman (TIME, March 3).

Adventures in Two Worlds, by A. J. Cronin. Autobiographical tales by a physician who became a bestselling novelist (TIME, Feb. 25).

Grand Right and Left, by Louis Kronenberger. A deftly witty farce about the richest man in the world and his compulsions as a collector (TIME, Feb. 25).

Trail Driving Days, by Dee Brown and Martin F. Schmitt. A first-class round-up of cow-country legends, thickly illustrated (TIME, Feb. 18).

The Duke of Gallodoro, by Aubrey Menen. Light sardonic about a reprobate Englishman, his sleepy Italian town, and the Mediterranean way of life (TIME, Feb. 18).

My Cousin Rachel, by Daphne du Maurier. An expert mixture of suspense and romantic hokum, set in the Rebecca country 100 or more years ago (TIME, Feb. 11).

The Confident Years (1885-1915), by Van Wyck Brooks. Fifth and concluding volume of Critic Brooks's guided tour of U.S. literature (TIME, Jan. 7).



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